

CAVALCADE

SEPTEMBER, 1954

1/6

THE FATE OF THE
SICKLY SQUAW — page 75

THIS BUSINESS
OF DIVORCE — page 16

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for
transmission by post as a periodical





"Happy Motoring"
 ... starts with
Atlantic Products

That's because they're joined together — to give you every ounce of power available, to prevent breakdowns, and to keep engines young. Get all your maintenance from your Atlantic Station. Use the Atlantic Sealwear Lubrication system — it's based on pure paraffin-base Atlantic Motor Oil, always as its meted with a smooth, wear-defying film.

**Go Atlantic and
 Stay Atlantic for ...**



SP 234

CAVALCADE

CONTENTS • September, 1954
 VOL 20, No. 4

FACT	
DARLING OF THE DUKE	4
PETER HARRISON	4
THE COVERAGE OF THE LIMPET-HORNED MEN	5
ROSE GOODLAD	5
SUPERNATURAL FORCE	5
LOVE LADIES	5
THE FATE OF THE SHIKY SQUAW	5
JAMES HOLLOWAY	5
THE BUSINESS OF DIVORCE	5
ALICE RAYMOND	5
THEY FOOLLED THE EXPERTS	5
Brooks Atkinson	5
WHO'S BE EVER BEAT?	5
RAY MITCHELL	5
NEW LIVIN' FOR OLD	5
MARINA McLEOD	5
POLARIS STRUCK IN TASMANIA	5
FRANCIS MURRAY	5
CAESAR'S UNCLE INFLUENCED HISTORY	5
Spencer Tracy	5
FICTION	
LONNIE WAS FEROCIOUS	12
TALMADGE POWELL	12
THE BIG QUIET FELLOW	13
DAVEY NELSON	13
PRIORITY FOR JUSTICE	14
Flatcher Price	14
FOOLED BY TIME	14
H. C. Marshall	14
FEATURES	
CRIME CAPSULES	15
PICTURE STORIES	17-18, 22-23, 26-27
FOUNTERS FOR BETTER HEALTH	20
CAVALCADE HOME OF THE MONTH	24-25
STRANGER AND STRANGER	26
QUICK QUIPS	26
COMICS	28, 29, 34, 35, 36, 40, 47, 52, 53, 71
Cartoons in pictures and writing other than factual are attributed.	

Printed by Kestrel Press, Pittsfield, Mass., by Western and Curtis, Boston, Mass., and the publishers, 10000 copies. Printed in U.S.A. by Kestrel Press, Pittsfield, Mass., by Western and Curtis, Boston, Mass., and the publishers, 10000 copies. Printed in U.S.A. by Kestrel Press, Pittsfield, Mass., by Western and Curtis, Boston, Mass., and the publishers, 10000 copies. Printed in U.S.A. by Kestrel Press, Pittsfield, Mass., by Western and Curtis, Boston, Mass., and the publishers, 10000 copies.

Produced by the K. G. Murray Publishing Co., Pittsfield, Mass., publishing under a pseudonym. A former New Englander, K. G. Murray is a graduate of Boston University, a member of the Boston Writers' Workshop, a former member of the American Society of Magazine Editors, a former member of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, and a former member of the American Society of Magazine Editors.

Art direction, Gordon and Clark; Davis P. Clark.

ADVERTISING
 COLIN A. FLETCHER, Pittsfield, Mass., 10000 copies; ROBERT W. MCNAUL, Pittsfield, Mass., 10000 copies; ROBERT W. MCNAUL, Pittsfield, Mass., 10000 copies; ROBERT W. MCNAUL, Pittsfield, Mass., 10000 copies.

NEXT MONTH

Don't talk about the good old days until you have read the facts. Jonathan Edwards relates some facts in "We're Becoming Soft". You'll be surprised! If you are reading you are in good company. But it is better to be normal. "Don't Be Neurotic" is the title. Ray Davis is the author. Film making in Italy, by one who was recruited there—Marino Maravola. Look for "Hollywood On The Tiber". New Williams tells about the time the Sydney Stadium ring collapsed, and Jones Holloway comes to light with a good crime article. D'Arcy Nelson is at his best with a short story, while Francis Murray contributes another laugh-giving article.

DARLING OF THE DUKE



Mary Anne Clarke wrote a book that brought her a fortune — but not one copy was sold.

PETER HARGRAVES

ONE of the most successful publications of all time was the spiky memoir of a shrewd, dark-eyed little woman named Mary Anne Clarke. For this literary effort, tossed off in less than a week, the bookseller with which she worked got £7,000 and a life annuity of £300.

As she lived for another 46 years, the annuity made her book an incredibly profitable literary venture. Strange still is the fact that all that was achieved without the book ever reaching the hands of her Duke. Actually, not one copy of it was ever sold.

Mary Anne received her money not

from selling the book, but destroying all 10,000 copies that had been printed. For three days, in July, 1810, as the volumes were crammed in the fire, a wall of burning paper hung over Pall Mall, London, where her publisher had his shop.

Neighboring occupied, of the smoke, as they called it. But it was nothing to the smell that would have spread over all England had the Duke's revelation of her life been and taken to the public.

"Interest paid," it was said, provided the cash for the payment to Mary Anne Clarke. They comprised

a numerous and representative gathering of the rich and aristocratic young bloods and the waddled and aged worths of the day — from the Duke of York, second son of King George III, down to every officer of rank as brash as captain.

Mary Anne's origins are murky and doubtful. She is believed to have been born in inflated Basel and Finsbury, near London's Chancery Lane, in 1774.

Her father, whose name was Thompson, died soon after Mary's birth. She was brought up as the daughter of a carpenter named Farquhar, whom her mother married after Thompson's death.

By the time she was 12, Mary Anne caught the eye of Thomas Bay, son of the prince who employed her step-father. He wrote poetry to her, sent her to a boarding school, and fathered the two illegitimate children she bore before she was 17.

Bay did not have matrimony in view. Accordingly, Mary Anne demanded him for a生生子 named Daniel Clarke, who did. They were married in 1794. Clarke assumed responsibility for Bay's two children and another home to Mary Anne by himself.

Clarke did not last long. A drunkard and a waster, he was sent away by his wife.

Mary Anne became the mistress of a boxer-harridan, Sir James Brudenell. He installed her in a fine country house in Wiltshire, but his absorption in his career soon alienated her of him. Sir James was left in his house — with her three children, whom he had adopted — and Mary Anne returned to London. A succession of plausible affairs followed — with the rank and wealth of her students steadily rising.

She thought she had reached the pinnacle of her career with her fifth (and last) mistress, Sir Charles Milner, who set her up in a mansion in London's exclusive Park Lane.

However, she had an even higher horizon for this companion. In 1803 she set the seal on her success with the capture of a royal Duke — no less than his Highness, Prince Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, Bishop of Osnabrück, favorite son of George III, and brother of the Prince Regent.

For the love of the handsome adventurer (whom he "picked up" while presenting at a fashionable beach resort), the Duke was prepared to forgo his faithful, bland wife, Frederica, the eldest daughter of William II of Prussia and sister of Frederick the Great.

Although they shared the same roof, the marriage of the Duke and Frederica ceased to be such in anything but name soon after dull and tongue-tied Frederica fell under the spell of the vivacious, witty and experienced Mary Anne Clarke.

Frederick — an incurable rake, a confirmed drunkard and an inveterate gambler — paid Mary Anne an income of £1,000 a year. He even promised her an income of £500 a year as a "refining present", when his wandering eye should eventually settle on a new and younger chamber.

On her former and other loves she boasted from her royal lover, Mrs. Clarke lived at a rate of crazy extravagance. She had a sum house in Gloucester Place and a country retreat at Weybridge.

She kept 10 horses for her two carriages and employed a staff of 20. Her kitchen staff cost £200 to live well. Her plate had once belonged to the Due de Berry; her wine glasses cost two guineas; the thought nothing of paying £100 for a chandelier.

The Duke of York was very much her. When apart he wrote her love notes — addressed to "the lovely character of my soul", "my dear love

angel", "my constant, darling love". All repeated his echoing longing to "return to my lover's own white, delicate, uncompromising arms".

Mary Anne, for her part, enjoyed the luxury he provided. But she could find no inspiration in Frederick as a lover. He was 40, bulky and coarse, possessed of long pallid legs, and so thwarted that she had no pride in him. Infatuated with a supply of stories, gags and opinions to regale his dinner guests.

Consequently, Mary Anne looked elsewhere to find a modicum of pleasure as well as day in her life. She found it with a number of eminent bachelors who took her fancy—Lord Petreton, Colonel Wards, and Captain Cuthbert Greville.

After about three years, Frederick's amour began to cool—either because of remorse he heard about his evils or because of his own attraction to the charms of a certain Mrs. Gury. The time had come, he decided, to give Mary Anne as the "retired" pension of £600. His mistress took the news calmly.

She set up business with a special office in London, staffed by her footmen, for the purpose of selling commissions in the army.

Her trafficking in army commissions became so extensive that she even initiated in her office a notice listing her price schedule. The rates were £600 for a major, £700 for a captain, £800 for a lieutenant and £600 for an ensign.

At the time, the sale of commissions was a recognized practice. It was condoned by Frederick, Duke of York, as part of his duties as Commander-in-Chief of the army. The rate, however, was supposed to go to the Half-Pay Fund, for the benefit of army widows and orphans. The official rates were much lower than

Mary Anne's. They ranged from a minimum of £300 for a major to £600 for an ensign.

Of course, when Mrs. Clarke sold a commission, she still had to obtain Frederick's signature on the necessary documents. But she still held influence with her former lover and thus obtained his signature. The Duke either did not know what he was signing, or did not want to know. Any money that Mary Anne was able to make sure that her demands on him were to meet her later, apparently realising what a good thing the man was, he fell behind with payment of her promised £600 a year.

All went well until 1829. Then one of Mary Anne's admirers, Colonel Wards (a smooth friend and supporter of Edward, Duke of Kent, Frederick's younger brother and eventual successor), conceived the idea of using her trafficking in army commissions as a weapon against the Duke of York.

A proposition was put to Mary Anne Clark. When the offer note is a tempting £600 a year, the settlement of all her debts and the complete re-furbishing of her house, she reluctantly agreed to double-cross her former royal lover.

On January 27, Ward, Radical member for Oxburham, rose in the House of Commons and denounced the Duke of York for his complicity and share of his position as Commander-in-Chief.

The scandal reverberated through England. A Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry was ordered. It sat for seven weeks, and Mary Anne, the Duke's amorous darling, was the star of the show.

In elegant bonnets and gowns, she appeared day after day and captivated with her aplomb, wit and charm both the 40 members of the House

and the crowds who crowded the galleries.

Nothing disturbed her. She adored the sale of commissions and brazenly boasted her lover the red rose of the kingdom. Frederick's letters, and the pacy details of their affair were handed from one end of London to the other.

Chidiock is the army trading persona begun calling "Duke of Dishing", instead of "Heads or Tails". Mary Anne was delighted with profitable dividends.

However, the inquiry was not so much concerned with the proceedings of Mary Anne Clarke as to whether the Duke of York had been personally involved in the grafting. Mindful of causing the Duke the bad memory from his enemies, his former mistress did her best to damn him.

"The Highness said me that if I was clever I should never want for money," was one of the fly little notes she confided to Knut in the evidence.

That the Duke of York had known what was going on seems almost certain. However, his counsel skilfully stressed the possibility that Mary Anne, "a woman scorned", was seeking revenge.

The House of Commons, by a vote of 275 to 180, absolved the Duke of blame in the affair. The public, however, were not so easily swayed.

The weight of their adverse opinion forced his resignation as Commander-in-Chief.

Mary Anne Clarke was still eager to run a dishonest ploy for herself. The following year, she took up her pen and wrote the whole story of her life.

Many male hearts fluttered apparently at the sight. A woman was held of the "selected parties". Ward was converted at their handsome offer for his suppression.

Mrs. Clarke did not hesitate. As soon as the money was in her larding basket, she who minded that payment of the life annuity of £400 was assured, she ordered the printer to burn every copy of the book.

She received more cash from the Duke of York three years later for the return of his unprinted letters.

In 1834, her money-lender brought her into contempt at the fashionable world, she left England for the Continent. She was 40, but still attractive and handsomely dressed.

She settled in Paris, where she became an "Institution" with visiting English ladies eager for her without the possibility of going. At 50 she was still able to capture a powerful peer (Lord Londonderry) for a lover.

Mary Anne Clarke lived on late her 70s. She died at Boulogne on June 21, 1882. An one historian has said, "She died as she had been born, not by any standards a lady."

Deserted by her husband for
Mary Anne.



THE COURAGE OF THE LIMPET-BOMB MEN



It was a noble job the Royal Marines had to do but they meant to do it if it cost their lives.

BY ERIC BRADSHAW

THERE was a war, remember? And out of the well of its red years came a host of stories of incredible adventure, tremendous courage and great human heart. But some stories will never be known. They're not in the official archives, not in the newspaper files, they are unrecorded. They're no more than somebody's memories, or hearing tales from the legends of strategists. You pick them up on the train ride to Cirencester, in a Bates Street pub, on the banks of the Dordogne, in the thick down the

lane—anywhere where men gather to talk.

This is not true of the epic limpet-bomb races — they and their deeds have been written into history — but it could well be, for these men and their achievements have taken on the surreal quality of folklore, the significance of mythbook creation.

There was only a small handful of them, and their stories do not matter. It was the third year of the struggle, and the Reich was posing a solid problem. Front was in Norm-

andy, and four cargo boats were bearing the Allied blockade to unload tons of thousands of tons of material at the port of Brest. To starve and emerge the Germans were machine. The Allies could not spare landing planes, and the cargo ships could extract any submarine. Yet something had to be done.

Military and naval chiefs had offered suggestions and devised methods, but none seemed practicable. Then one day a Royal Marine officer, Captain H. G. Haider, sought an audience with Lord Louis Mountbatten, chief of Combined Operations. Speck Haider said, small escort boats were the only answer to the problem, and went on to detail his plan. Mountbatten listened intently, thought for several minutes, then accepted the fantastic idea.

"We can only give it a try, anyway," he said.

It might have been the remark of a desperate man. Those in the know considered it a feasibility scheme discussed from the start, others thought it had a more fitting place in the imaginative writings of Jules Verne.

Haider was placed in charge of the expedition, which was known as Operation Flockton, and he went to work promptly and ruthlessly. He picked thirty marines. For the most part they were small, weedy men, deliberately chosen because they were the kind whom the had kicked around enough to develop in them the courage and the will to do a job through. Some of them hadn't even seen a cause before another.

The training they underwent at Portsmouth Naval Base was so tough it made the survivors of concentration camps like Dachau and Treblinka. They learned how to paddle expertly. They were shown how to climb back into a canoe without exposing it.

This had to be done in pitch blackness, in heavy seas, in thick and storm. They were weighed at the top with lead balls and compelled to submerge themselves through a tube deepest between their teeth passed oxygen from a submarine escape compartment. They practiced mock movements along the heavily-guarded entrance to Falmouth Harbour. All the time Haider reluctantly worked out the failure. After six months of this grueling training he had his men and he was ready to strike.

It was on December 1, on a submarine at sea, that the men learned for the first time where they were going and what they had to do. Haider explained that there would be no submarine waiting for them after they completed their task. The initiative lay with them. Should the cause, he told them, and get to Spain, some French. The French underground would help.

The submarine surfaced off the mouth of the Gironde six days later. The ten silencers lined up. Their hands and faces were blackened, their Royal Marine tunics modelled in camouflage. Adroitly, they dropped their special-type collapsible oars overboard and followed. The canoes were named Cheetah, Goliath, Cattle-herd, Cougar and Gryphon. Two men went to a boat, and each man was armed with a Colt pistol, a commando knife, a grenade, and a black whistle, which made a gull-like sound. In the boats were limpet bombs, mines, charges, spare paddles, a basket and gas canisters with a lighter.

There were the wisdoms of the cocklebeds, and their orders were to enter Brest Harbour on a mission of destruction.

The night was freezing. Water slopped like rain into the boats as they approached the entrance to the estuary. Spray crystallized on the kayak-

the decks. The first hazard was the treacherous. It was rough and turbulent. Four boats crossed it. Captain Hasker was lost.

In the darkness itself another telegraph announced *Cougar*.

Hasker, on *Cougar*, saw the forms of the floating half-frozen men.

"There are no hope of saving you aboard," he called.

"Never mind us. Go on."

"Get a grip of *Cougar*," Hasker commanded. "Hang on."

While they clung to the little boat, Hasker and his mate Sparks paddled it downstream. They got no farther a hundred yards of the beach when Hasker turned to the men and said: "We'll have to leave you now."

The three boats went on, steadily. In the swirling foam from the lighthouse, Hasker saw the fortification shore. He saw something else, too—something that made him stir a sharp oath. There were four patrol vessels. He had been told there would be only one. There was nothing to do but go on.

Decidedly, he got his cockpit between the fast patrolling ship and the rocks. *Cougar* followed. They looked back. There was no sign of *Catfish*. The cry of gulls came from the darkness. There was no response.

Two boats left and four men, and the job still ahead of them.

When dawn came the men arrived, swimming on a small island. They left their canoes in the brush, and under coverings set out three signs while Hasker watched. He woke them. There was the sound of voices. They saw thirty French soldiers arrived a surprise coming through.

Hasker gave an order, and while the three men covered him with their guns he approached the party.

They greeted one another, and Hasker said: "Where are we?"

"You are on the edge of a fishing settlement."

"Did you see any abductions about here?"

"No, we have not seen any."

"There are none, and they have a hard job to do. It would be too bad if they were caught."

"The French can keep a secret," one of the Frenchmen said.

Hasker was troubled. All day the Marines stayed there, not without anxiety, for not one hundred yards away a gang of German soldiers were working on a dock. Hasker and his crew prepared for night to come with the discovery. They were lucky. As soon as it was dark enough, they went on, but soon, knowing when Hasker was ashore, looking for another hiding place, he stumbled onto a Mud Island station. The sentry was asleep. What wonderful good fortune. It would most certainly have been the end of him. He crawled back and the men spent the rest of the day under camouflage nets in that corner.

Two nights and a day later Hasker and his braves were waiting hidden in tall reeds near the barbican of Berlino. The flashlight danced away and night noted the smoke from the ship. Breaching the security of the shorebound, the barbican lights flashed on with all their penetrate brilliance. Ships were being hasty unloading. Men moved suddenly. Wrecks could. Mustard clauses impeded it up the areas.

Nobody suspected that there was danger around, watching, waiting. Hasker and his men had to avoid the lighted waters. They drifted just below, creeping on the tide while they unloading. "Okay, men," Hasker said. "This is it."

He gave the order to fire hatches. The men took sixteen boats and set them to go off in river boats. Then they shook hands, and the two boats parted.

"There's our baby," Hasker nodded, and Sparks looked at a ship heavy with cargo, low in the water.

He guessed: "It's a short one, sir."

Slowly, they drifted towards the pole Hasker from the harbor on a long pole and moved it quietly underneath. He waited for the pull to start. He left the vessel and made a group and lay at the harbor's powerful anchor and held it firm like a total human below the water line. He fixed three buoys altogether, one under the bow, one under the stern and one under the sternpost amidships.

They crept on to the next ship, and working with monkey skill and in utter silence from two imps. Suddenly, just as they had completed the task, a burst of light hit the water. Sparks and Hasker knew. The sentry on board was slinging his torch on them. Snapping a load of bullets to fire into their bodies they waited, disappearing their spit. The light disappeared.

What did that sentry think he saw, wondered Hasker. How did the camouflaged canoe, with its hooded and black-tinted, black-faced figures appear to him? The sentry couldn't have been certain what he saw, if he saw anything, but Hasker heard him walking the deck in time with the edging drift of their boat alongside.

They waited many minutes under the overhang of the stern then drifted on to the next ship.

This ship lay alongside another. Hasker took a chance and went through the line between the two ships. It was just a dash of space between tall walls of steel. Unquestionably, the swell brought the ships together. Sparks threw out with the paddle, just saving them from being crushed to death.

A tanker, another cargo ship, and

WOMAN AND MAN

How unreliable women are—
They stand you up and let
you down,
Whether they come from
near or far,
From city, bush, or country
town,
They put your head in a
whirl—
What burdens men must
carry!
Still, he must wed some
girl—
What else is there to
marry?

—RAY-ME

the task was finished. They were on their way out to the open sea. There was a splash in the darkness. Sparks and Hasker heard their *Cobia*. In a minute, to their amazement, the *Catfish* came alongside. Her crew reported that they had two ships in the log. That meant six of the regular blockade runners—the other six were at sea — were doctored, provided all were well.

The men straightened their street, and in keeping with the escape plan, went off in pairs. Helped, as pre-arranged, by the French underground, Hasker and Sparks went across the Pyrenees to Spain, thence Gibraltar, arriving in London five months after that grim night's work.

They had to wait until after the war to learn that the *Catfish* crew had been captured by the Germans and that, along with the other members of the expedition, the ninth man was deceased. But they had to wait only a few hours to learn that Operation *Flamefoot* had been completely successful — the six enemy ships had been sunk.



RONNIE WAS FORGETFUL

FICTION

Lonnie was a very forgetful boy; he might take days to get the police and the experts might die — of wounds or hunger.

Cobb and Lonnie found the body in the palmiste thicket. As they came upon it, an obscene valure roared its head, its teeth dripping.

"Bastard!" Lon said. Cobb tried to keep the pale skin boy back, but Lon dashed forward and pulled a pistol out as the afterward blood welled up, wings cracking and snapping in the soggy air. With a general cry of rage, Lon lunged up his arm. The pine knot stopped the kid's head sharply and it toppled heavily almost at the feet of the passing boy.

Cobb had hardly been aware of Lon's killing of the bantam. He realized, drag his eyes from the body

the killing had left in the valure on the bank of the sluggish Everglades creek. The killing had stripped the body of every morsel of stomach content, but the filthy thots had left enough on the fine young frame of bone to show Cobb it was his oldest son, Brad.

He forced himself to stand quietly as the screeching heat, the twelve-degree changes on the crest of his arm. Agony burned through him like fire. He had known something was wrong when Brad had come running home, not frightened, but right-tipped and determined. He had pleaded with Brad, but Brad wouldn't talk much about it, even

when she the mom, Ed Slavney, and his wedded companion, Edna Keggen, had shown up at the farm. Trouble, bad trouble, had followed Brad home, and now the boy lay dead—left like an animal because to the men and the valures.

Cobb worked, sweating and silent, digging a grave as deeply as he could in the soggy moist. Once he looked up through blotted eyes and saw Lonnie dragging the dead valure toward the grave. Not a batonny to chase that one, something new for Lonnie. A wave of confusion swept hot through Cobb. "Throw the thing away, Lon," he said.

Lonnie frowned and dropped the bird, came away from it, although his eye roved it across his shoulder.

Lon looked up, his eyes bright. He addressed to Cobb. "Track!" Lon cried.

Cobb moved. He stared at the place where Lon pointed. If there were footprints they were too faint for Cobb's sunken eyes.

He looked at the exhalation, and the odd line notation. But the exhalation in Lon's pale eyes communicated itself to him and he felt his blood running fast.

"Follow them, Lon!"

Lon ran about in the grass and palmers as Cobb watched him. The boy raced off south along the creek and the sun of晌午 hung over the ghost as him, Cobb followed.

Soon Cobb saw that Lon had forgotten. The boy was playing with a rock in the creek. Clashing his gun against his rock, Cobb said gently, "The track, Lonnie."

Lonnie grunted and bobbed his head. Cobb had always been obliged to be the boy warden, days at a time, in the hot, silent stretches of the glades. Lonnie wondered despite all Cobb could do about it. Lonnie was happy, and that's what counted in

Cobb's book. Neighbors and Indians knew the boy and watched out for him, and he always came home about the time Cobb was exhausted something for him; for Lonnie always eventually remembered where he lived, what he was about.

Cobb figured it was about four o'clock in the afternoon when they came to Cal Dredger's mock farm. When they reached a mangrove thicket, Lon came running back to Cobb.

"They hid in the mangroves."

"Good boy, Lonnie."

Slipping his arm about the boy's shoulder, Cobb could feel the bone-ache under the sweaty shirt. "The right breed of you boy. Will you go home now? Straight home?"

"Sure mate," Lonnie said, pleased at his father's approbation.

Cobb watched Lonnie hurry off across the flat. It was a long way, and there'd be no rest to reward Lonnie. He might not be home for days, but at least out there in the land Lonnie knew so well, the boy was safer than he would be here.

In a crush, Cobb moved out of the shielding mangroves. He pushed the safety off his heavy shotgun as he ran across the deep black furrows of plowed ground toward Dredger's shack.

Crash the window, Cobb held his breath and bashed.

He heard Slavney's thick, labored voice from the dining table. "I told you no hunting me more to eat."

Cobb remembered the way the men had impressed him. Slavney's hunger was psychopathic, relentless, far beyond the needs even of his great bulk. He had to be eating, eating all the time.

Pulling himself up to window level, Cobb passed into the gray room. Slavney was like a mound of grease at the table, with Vera Dredger's gaunt, deflated and frightened face

face tan. Ragger, thin and deadly, the fat man's shadow, had a .38 laid on the table. He was watching Cal Drucker, who was like a compressed spring on a straight chair against the wall.

Cobb thrust the gun into the room ahead of him.

Ragger tapped the .38 around as Cobb came through the window.

Without even raising, Cobb pressed off the first trigger. The big double-barrel blazed fire. Ragger screamed. The .38 leaped on to the floor, and everybody in the room stared at the rugged man. Ragger lay ways at the end of his right sleeve.

"I reckon," Cobb said, "you'd better tell me about the killing of my boy."

top Roder if you ever hope to serve that board?"

"You got me wrong," Ragger said, bit into his whole body, shaking.

"I got you dead to rights," Cobb corrected. "Dead left with you. You killed him because you're a pair of big city syphonic killers. I know he was mixed up with you and that he trusted you. That makes a killing in your book, don't it?"

"You can't prove a thing," Shirley whispered.

"I'll prove plenty," Cobb said. "When you gained my boy, you figured a quick run back to your kind of civilization.

"But the manhand trapped you, wrecked your car, left you alone. And Ragger here is going to tell me about

how it happened, isn't you, Ragger?"

Cobb walked, cold and implacable. The silence in the stark school the whispering of Ragger's breathing. "There's your boy running up Drucker's face," Cobb commented, almost gently. "You'd better admit I've guessed this whole thing right."

"It wasn't my idea," Ragger's voice was a muffled scream. "Shirley caused it all."

"All right," Cobb said. "Mr. Drucker, get some ladies and we'll see if we can keep him from dying of blood poisoning or bleeding to death."

Shirley avoided his thick-bladed knife for Ragger as Cal Drucker's wife finished killing. Ragger screamed as the new machine hit the woman. The woman whirred but bashed the woman suddenly.

Then Cobb passed the pair ahead of him across Drucker's clearing. In twenty minutes Ragger was staggering. The fat man snatched a knife that Ragger would use. Cobb's pocketing gun kept Ragger going.

Ragger fell twice before they crossed the bare yard to Cobb's empty smokehouse.

The excepted the end of the smokehouse reflected the last rays of the afternoon sun. Cobb called for Lorraine, but there was no answer. The boy had forgotten. He was probably playing some game of his own in the bushes.

"All right," Cobb told them. "Inside."

Shirley waddled in and Cobb shoved Ragger after him. Ragger stumbled on the floor, and lay panting against the greasy boards.

Across the yard, Cobb recognized Lorraine's snubbing shuffle. Cobb smiled with relief, and then his face blanched.

Tom was dragging the valence he'd killed beside Roder's grave.

Cobb kept his voice gentle. "I want

you to go for the police, Lorraine. Will you do that for me?"

"Sure m'dad!" Lorraine hopped his head. He dropped the hammer at his father's feet and raced bare-shouldered across the yard. But Cobb saw the boy had already slowed before he reached the line of trees down by the road.

Shirley wiped away the sweat and looked about the narrow, dark oven of a room. "How long will it take him?" he whined.

Cobb looked up at him. "Tom's necessary isn't good," Cobb replied. "It might take a day if he don't get it. It might take a week."

"A week?" Ragger waited from the floor.

"Tom's a good boy, and he'll get there," Cobb said. "Anyhow, I don't go. He's all I got to send. You men might dig out, with me gone."

In his last was invitation for either of them to try to dig out while he sat there, waiting with his shotgun.

Ragger dropped against the floor and wept. Finally, he lifted his head.

"Water?" he answered. "Will you give or water?"

"I'll get you water..."

Shirley's face was a maling moon of fat.

His gluttonous mouth worked.

He dragged a thick wet tongue across his mouth.

"And food," he wheezed. "I take a lot of food."

Cobb's hand tightened on the door. "I don't want food," he replied. His eyes passed to the painted valence in the yard. A sudden change worked across his face, turning it to red. He picked up the valence, and with revolver strong in his fingers, he bashedhead it into the smokehouse.

His face litred, and his shoulders went back. "I'll see if I can fetch you a little salt," he said.

And Cobb clattered the solid smokehouse door.



"This is?"

Crime Capsules

by

A.W.L.

A burglary at Leithen, Austria, was traced to a group of prisoners in the local jail. They were in the habit of breaking out nightly, meeting their wives and friends and returning to jail before dawn. All the contents of houses with no one to pay.

SWINDLER

Wheeler Wright, although always Wright, was not on the right side of the law. He has become known as one of the biggest swindlers in the history of England. Between 1908 and 1938 he defrauded 42 "gold mining companies in Australia" and made millions of pounds. By inducing members of the nobility to become stockholders and directors and by duping them with falsified financial statements, Wright built a vast and highly profitable empire—on paper. When it collapsed, 21 per cent. of it, \$10,000,000, capitalization was found to be water. Upon being convicted of fraud and given a sentence of seven years, Wright swallowed capsules of potassium and died before he could be removed from the court room.

LAWLESS

Men and women consisted of a

crew in the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the early 1700s were flogged or made to serve time in jail or in the stocks. Then they were subjected to another punishment: for a certain period they had to bear, on the sleeve or chest, a large letter cut from a scarlet cloth. Besides branding the person as a criminal, the letter indicated the type of crime committed, just as the letter L on a car denotes that the driver is a larceny. For example, A stood for adultery, B for blasphemy, D for drunkenness, F for forgery, I for larceny, P for poisoning, R for rape, T for theft. However, the law was so barbaric that it was repealed after a short time.

WOMEN

Judge Richard Anna of Chicago arrested women Jews recently. He said they had returned ridiculous versions. He further stated that it was a tick duty for all men to serve as juries when summoned. He was quoted: "My meaning is no that 12 women could agree on anything."

Well now, that judge may have something. Maybe he had had experience before at women's meetings.

STAR



WITH
STRIPES



Pat unashamedly barrel from the rocks and sat on the stone wall of the dam. Pat is one of our top models and here you can see why. Those stripes are attractive, aren't they?

What's the matter, Pat—afraid to get your feet wet? "No," she laughs, "but you know the old saying, 'all tigers run deep.' Besides, I don't want to get my stripes wet."





"How did I know?"

SUPERNATURAL FORCE

LOUIS LANDAU



No matter how the coffins were placed in the vault they were moved. There was no sign of human interference.

FOR the past 130 years the walls of many of the more expensive vaults of the British island of Barbados have contained a coffin that they may not be interred "in the hallowed earth".

These vaults are given the utmost respect by the Barbadian authorities because some of the world's foremost investigators of psychic phenomena have been baffled by the events surrounding the vault work in the churchyard of Christ Church, overlooking St. Oistea's Bay.

The vault was started in the 1830s by (as the inscription reads) the "harrowed widow" (see Elizabeth Weston) of the Rev. James Elliot who was snatched away from us the 6th day of May, A.D. Domini 1824." But curiously enough, the first recorded instance there was that of Mrs. Thomasina Geddes, in 1801. Sir J. E. Alexander reported in 1888 in his *TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES* on of the various happenings after this first coffin was placed there.

After Mrs. Geddes' coffin was put in position two others were deposited there, one in 1858, a Mrs. A. M. Chan, and another in 1882, Mrs. B. Chan. Everything was in order in the vault when these coffins were placed there. But when, later in 1882, it was opened to remove the body of the Rev. T. Chan, the other

these coffins were found in a confined space, packed on their sides, or upside down. They were put right and the stack again sealed. But when later it was opened to take the body of an infant, the coffins, of heavy lead, except that of Mrs. Goddard, were thrown around the floor. Such was the case again in both when a Mr. Brewster died and one more in 1830 when a Mr. Clarke was placed there. There was no apparent answer to the problem and after publication of the report in England, it attracted the attention of some great minds, among whom was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a keen investigator of phenomena of this type.

But after many years of research, they were all forced to admit that it was the work of some supernatural force of which no one knew anything.

Many theories were advanced in trying to account for the movement of the coffins by some purely natural agency. Among these was that they were moved by earthquakes. But there were no vibrations recorded in the particular period which would move heavy coffins. And it was only in this particular vault that the coffins had been moved. In the crypts in the chancery, everything was as it should have been.

Some said that the vault was periodically flooded and that the coffins floated. But this was not possible as it was on the top of a hill and the floor was only two feet below ground level.

A case of a floating leaden coffin was reported in the London Evening Post of May 16, 1751. It told of how the captain of a German ship packed up a floating coffin in six weeks after it had been buried, at low tide, in the Coedwiga vault.

Speculation of the ribs had unanswered it and in eight days they had taken it to the surface. But this theory in regard to the Barbados vault is not

possible — the vault is too shallow. Another theory was that someone entered the vault and moved the caskets. This was discounted because on each occasion after the first discovery of the caskets, closed by a huge slab of blue Devon marble, requiring seven men to move it, had been sealed securely and stamped by various government officials, and who had also been examined on the slab so that it would reveal any footprint. But there were never any signs of an intruder or intruders. The walls, roof and floor were sounded for secret passages, but none found.

Lord Combermere was Governor of Barbados in 1828 when the case of the moving coffins came to a head and had, indeed succeeded as well and truly sealing the vault one of most of the island's population. Combermere was a man of violence — he had fought with Wellington through the Peninsular War — and was not one to take opinion or anything put down to them seriously unless there was something in it. But after apparently finding the vault, with his private soldiery unbroken on the outside, in a state of confusion, he ordered the seven coffins to be transported to be removed.

He publicly announced that he was convinced there was no trickery and that the case was now above his powers as Governor or man to solve.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, after spending a great amount of time inspecting the vaults and working on possible theories, finally came forward with three rather fantastic "possible" classes of the phenomena. The first was that the movements were the result of decomposed which deserved the more speedy decomposition of the bodies. He claimed that this explained the particular violence shown against the coffins with the lead caskets, while the wooden one of Mrs.

Goddard was left unmarked on all occasions. He pointed out that eventually the desired result was obtained when the coffins were buried elsewhere, after 1828.

Secondly he believed it possible that the physical force necessary to move the coffins was derived in some manner from the "effluvia" of the overburdened Negroes who were employed in carrying the coffins into the vault. That "effluvia" was necessarily contained in the confined space of the hermetically sealed vault, he said.

Thirdly, he stated that the disturbances could have been facilitated or even occasioned by the presence in the vault of the corpses of two persons who had committed suicide. "There is some evidence," he said, "that when a life has been cut short before it has reached the God-appointed term, whether the cause be suicide or murder . . . there remains a store of unused vitality which may, when the circumstances are favorable, work itself off in mysterious and singular ways. This, I admit, is a preposterous theory, but it has been foisted on my mind by many considerations . . ."

Thomas and Bessie Chase died by their own hands, the daughter having starved herself to death owing to her father's cruelty.

Doyle claimed that the effluvia was used by the spirits of the corpses in the same manner as a spiritualist uses some medium to communicate with the souls of corpses.

His third theory was supported by many, refuted by many more. Dozens of investigations into the supernatural were forced and claimed that psychic phenomena were almost invariably associated in some way with people of strong emotions who had died with a premature or violent death.

Yet another theory, in spite of the

A gentleman in England, who covered his roads at foot, always cut through the paddocks from one village to the next. One day a stranger saw him running across a paddock, with a bull at his heels. The pony reached the fence and threw himself over, just beating the bull's horns. The stranger looked at him as he sat gaping and said: "He almost got you that time." The gentleman looked up and answered: "He almost gets me every time."

effluvia to prove that no one could possibly have entered the vault during the period of the disturbance was that the Negro slaves of Thomas Chase aimed to take revenge on their ruthless master. Who ever heard of a superstitious Negro carrying a buried vault, as it would necessarily have been, at night? In any case the coffins were intact and no attempts had been made to open them.

But no one yet has been able to put forward a theory even weighing on the credulity, by the methods of logic as we know it.

Parallel cases of coffins being disturbed in vaults have been recorded but they have either been put down to vandalism or the flooding of the chambers.

An interesting instance is that which happened at Arendal, on the island of Cest, in the Baltic Sea in 1844. A peasant woman, visiting the grave of a relative, did up her bonnet in the cemetery railing near the vault of the Baaheussen family, which

continued about a dozen calls. When she returned, she found her home in a state of collapse. She reported that the last nothing was done about it until a month or so later when the same thing happened to a group of houses situated in about the same position. The vault was opened and the coffin, also of lead, was found scattered all over the floor. Remains were taken similar to those of the Barbados case and girdles were placed on the floor after order had been restored. Three days later an inquest revealed the same facts. None of the jurors could advance any idea which took into account the actions of the house outside the vault.

The Barbados case is so similar to that of the Barbados vault that investigators have found themselves perplexed and possibly no true explanation will ever be forthcoming, except the vague idea of some supernatural force. All the natural

causes possible have been exhausted and they are left up against a brick wall.

But whatever we may think of the truth of the almost innumerable cases of supernatural phenomena, it is undeniable that above all others is said an apparent link—the incidents are connected with persons of strong emotions and premature and violent death. This applies to some extent the idea of the presence of the two soldiers in the Barbados vault but something to do with the disturbance there.

And there is another thing which some people may think has a bearing on the apparent spiritual goings on—the nearby church was destroyed by a hurricane in 1881, 11 years after the coffins were removed from the vault. Another church was built there in 1895 but just 180 years later it was burned to the ground. It has been replaced by another.



"Dear, why don't you read the paper at breakfast, like other husbands?"



JAMES HOLLOWAY

The death list mounted until the Moorsies sent two men to bring in the chief red medicine man.

PEEQUAN, medicine man of the Salishan tribe of Red Indians was worried. A horrible, consuming fear gripped every man and woman in the tribe.

Camped at their winter hunting grounds at Sandy Lake in the far northern territory of Canada's Hudson Bay Company, the young braves stalked in their birch bark lodges or before their sky splintering campfire. They were afraid to leave the camp, the protection of the tribe; they were afraid to venture forth and hunt the moose and game on which the tribe depended for food. The winter of 1950 was approaching. Starvation faced the Salishans.

The cause of this fear of fear lay in a spruce box in a lodge set

apart from the others. Her name was Sip-wa-ee. She had been tall, supple, beautiful. Now her body was gaunt and emaciated from illness and lack of nourishment. Racked with fever, she screamed and raved in delirium.

Only six months before, in the spring she had born the sky and tomorrow 15-year-old brood of Peequan's own son. Many had sought the breast of the sickly Sip-wa-ee. All had been repelled until she was ready to let the man of her choice lead her to his father's wigwam.

Now all was changed. Sip-wa-ee had become sick. As such, in the eyes of the Salishans, she was abhorrent, useless, a thing to be shunned and left in a lonely bark lodge with out care, attention or enough food to maintain life.

From her grief-stricken husband learned of the warnings of Pocoquin and left her alone. The medicine man had decided that the sick woman was possessed of evil spirit. He ordered everyone to keep away from her. At any moment, she might turn "Wicwicgo", or cannibal, and devours the first person she got her hands on.

For days the medicine man had tried to exorcise the evil spirit. He howled, danced and beat tambourines near her body, hoping that the din would drive them away. It had been to no avail. Sep-wa-ta was still possessed with fever.

The natural ruler of the tribe, 70-year-old Pocoquin was the high priest of the spirits. The Indians worshipped in the open and spirits roamed them. With his powwow, or medicine bag, and offerings of tobacco, cloth and food, he tried to appease the other evil spirits (or ancestors) whom the Indians feared.

But something had apparently gone wrong. The offerings could not have been satisfactory lately. The medicine bag still possessed of Sep-wa-ta, his own daughter-in-law.

To the pagan mind of Pocoquin, there was only one course if the wife was to be saved—from the dangers of the evil spirit spreading to others and from the danger of wholesale death by starvation.

Pocoquin ordered the young chief of the Salween, Mungmuknew, to call a council of the heads of the tribe. He announced to them that Sep-wa-ta must die to propitiate the evil spirit.

The headmen realized the danger. The merciless winter was at hand instead of holding festively in their lodges, all the men of the tribe should be out hunting food for the long months ahead. Nevertheless, they did not want to kill the lovely Sep-wa-ta.

Pocoquin was ordered to make one last effort to call up his own good spirits to drive out the monsters infesting the sick woman.

The medicine man crawled to the depths of the forest and built his own "chumash", or medicine lodge, of poles and skins. Around it, in specimen, sought the whole tribe—the brave braves and frightened, the women clutching papooses and hiding their hands and faces with shawls.

Before the single small opening left in the side of the medicine lodge, there awaited Pocoquin's appearance. With a iron man, he began the ceremony, lightly touching it to remove his master's good spirit.

Pocoquin then came up, carrying a length of rope. With it his feet were tied and his hands bound behind his back. The apprentices placed a mat in the medicine man's hands. He hobbled into the lodge. The opening was covered behind him.

All that day and the following night, Pocoquin remained in the medicine lodge, trying to exorcise his spirit. All the while, the piping chapter of his arithmetic exercises pointed forth outside. The medicine man's voice, and rifle, could be heard keeping time to the matons. Suddenly all was still and quiet. The spirit had arrived.

Then the voice of Pocoquin could be heard. He was talking with them, but in a language the Indians did not understand. Luminous from the sky outside came an answer. It was a thin frightening wail, but it apparently made communication with the medicine man. Questions were asked and answered.

Finally the ghostly wail ceased. Dawn was breaking over the scene as Pocoquin—his eyes staring as in a trance, his body twisted in convulsions, his arms and legs free—emerged from the lodge. Gasp! hands helped him to a couch of brush. Squaws

bedded his face and soothed him until he was strong enough to stand.

Then to the assembled tribe he announced that the ceremony had failed. His spirit reported they were unable to free Sep-wa-ta from the evil mountain possessing her.

There was no alternative now but death for the sicklier Sep-wa-ta.

Pocoquin buried himself with orgies and songs and tears for seven hours. Then he called on Chief Old Medicine to select two braves to assist him.

While the chief scoured the camp to choose from his following followers those two courageous, Pocoquin entered the wigwam of Sep-wa-ta. Presently two small holes appeared in opposite walls of the bark covering. Through them a stout cord was passed and dangling down to the ground.

Mungmuknew came up, pushing two terror-stricken youths known as the local climbing post—200 miles away at Island Lake—in "Angus Mac" and "Nemesis Fiddler", because their own names were unpronounceable. Each took an end of the rope dangling from Sep-wa-ta's lodge. To the best of the matons, each stepped back and pulled with all his might. Inside, the sick girl, around whose neck the cord was tied, was strangled to death.

That night, the body of the dead girl was wrapped in skins, taken far into the forest and buried in a shallow grave. In case the evil spirit might still be stirred to her and resurrect the body to life, a long sharp stake was driven right through it into the grave.

Concerted walking and shouting by all the tribe continued through the night to dispel the howling spirits over altogether. Sep-wa-ta's lodge was burned to ashes by Pocoquin as a final precaution.

The following winter proved much

worse than usual. Large snowfalls prevented the Salween setting many animal traps. Had hawk also dogged them. Even the fish seemed to shun their nets. That last added heavily to the depression over unquenchable love. The tribe was on the verge of starvation.

When a party of them arrived at the trading post at Island Lake in December, 1886, to exchange their furs for skins, they had only about a quarter of their usual catch. The factor complained because it was not enough even to pay for their debts for previous goods.

The Salween Indians related a string of misfortunes that had befallen them. One of them, for shipwreck, that the killing of Sep-wa-ta was a calamity and had camped the system.

Perturbed at this news of murder, the factor, "Big Bill" Campbell, decided to report it to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Norway House on the far-off Natives River.

Pocoquin, the medicine man, left,



The Salteaux were boasting in front of Moosonee. Supposedly was not the first victim the trading man had killed to drive out supposed evil spirits. Constant killing, Campbell could see, were affecting the character and the morality of the whole tribe. Eventually, as had happened before with other Indians, they would give up hunting altogether. The stronger members would kill the weak and submit on their feet until only one or two ravaging cannibals were left.

Campbell visited Norway House at Christmas. He told Sergeant Smith of the Manitoba department there about the growing ill-will of the Salteaux — and particularly of the recent members of the tribe, Supwasee.

Sergeant Smith sent a report to the

Commissioner of the Mounted Police at Ottawa. The orders he received as a result, in February, 1897, caused him to sacrifice his two best men, Constables Cashman and O'Neill.

He had made inquiries and established that Papequay and the Salteaux at Sandy Lake had perpetrated at least 20 cruel and senseless killings. The two constables were instructed to take two half-breed guides and interpreters—Moos Gore and Jimmy Kirkness — proceed to Sandy Lake and arrest and bring back both the medicine man, Papequay, and the chief of the tribe, Mistimineau, for trial.

Sergeant Smith warned the two constables of the dangers facing them. The Salteaux were caning and dangerous and feared by other tribes for treachery. To send two young white

men nearly 300 miles into the frozen wilderness to arrest their all-powerful medicine men and chief seemed foolhardy. Against the cannibals they would face, weapons would be useless. All that the constables had to enforce their orders were the prestige and reputation of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

When the fourmen piled into Norway House with their dog teams, winter still held the barren Northland in thrall. For many days they tramped, snowshoeing, blundering and marching wobbling as they covered the 300 miles to "Big Bill" Campbell's post at Indian Lake.

When the hardships of the trading post came into view, their exhausted dogs dashed forward pell-mell, barking a greeting as they pulled the sledge through the open gate and across the red, deep, warmth and blood that would soon be there. And the third, strong man only asked the same reward. For two days they slept in the posts very great house, leaving their banks only for Campbell's usual meal of steamed beaver tails, meat sandwiches, fresh bread and steaming tea.

But their trill was not over. For five more days they had to face the perils of nature as her were before they saw the frozen surface of huge Sandy Lake and knew they were in the hunting grounds of the Salteaux.

The guide, Jimmy Kirkness, went off on a reconnaissance. He returned with the news that the quarry had disappeared. He had found the remains of a camp of the Salteaux near the lake, but it was deserted, with abundant evidence that they had left in a hurry.

Scratching their heads, the Redcoats put the blame for the alarm on the mysterious "Moccasin Telegraph", the incomprehensible way in which news travelled among the Indians of

the Northland. The Salteaux knew the Mounties were coming — and yet, like blind Lake the two effects had made round time. They were sure no one had been ahead of them. Nevertheless, the Salteaux knew of their mission in early as if someone had telephoned them.

O'Neill and Cashman were delayed for a week while Moos Gore and Jimmy Kirkness tried to pick up the trail. They eventually discovered a faint trace of the Salteaux passage, and the canabiners got back way again. The trail was followed for some days until, on the shores of the smaller Deer Lake, they found the new Salteaux camp.

Leaving Moos Gore with the dogs and sledge, Constables Cashman and O'Neill, with Jimmy Kirkness as interpreter, walked boldly into the camp. They marched through a throng of angry, snarling Indians, ignoring the ominous note of the medicine drum that had started to beat in the background.

The great strength of the Mounted Police in dealing with warlike Indians came in those days was its reputation and the general fear in which it was held by wrong-doers. The two lone constables, however, saw that the Salteaux were different. They were ugly and openly aggressive. They might have been corrupted by the evil spirit infesting a sick gal, but they certainly had no fear for a couple of Red-coats, 300 miles from the nearest settlement.

Constable Cashman strode up to the young, intelligent-looking Redskin, obviously the chieftain, seated before the large wigwam. Around him were a crowd of glowering brutes, with unctuous but effective muskets in their hands.

To Jimmy Kirkness, Cashman said: "Tell the chief that the Great White Father has sent me a long way to talk with him." —



"You been trying to tell me, lady, you got the wrong drift!"
CAVALCADE, September, 1954



The chief was passing his pipe. In this漫游, he had assumed the prerogatives of leadership and taken full control from Pequane. His steady eyes gazed thoughtfully at the constable. Then he stood erect and looked angry, general words at the interpreter.

"What has your Great White Father to do with the Salteaux?" he demanded. "This is our country, where we can do as we please. I know you wish to take me and my faithful medicine man, Pequane, away. You will lock us up in your great stone houses."

Cuthbert—surprised at the Indian's knowledge of the purpose of his mission — tried to interject something about a fair trial.

Musashinew ignored him and continued. "Well, I have stories of young braves who do not want me to go away," he said. "They have guns all ready to shoot. They could kill you both where you stand—and your two half-breed dogs with you—and throw your carcasses to the wolves."

Cuthbert and O'Neill knew that not only their own lives, but perhaps the future peace of a large slice of Canada depended on their handling of the situation. The Salteaux could run and lead all the tribes in the area to war against the whites. It would take a full-scale military expedition to put them down.

From the neighboring Indians, Cuthbert heard grum of approval at the chief's words. In his reply, he pointed out that the braves could certainly kill himself and O'Neill. But to avenge them, the Great White Father would send hundreds of men, who would bring the Salteaux like the tide dogs home the water ran.

"There will be many Indians, Musashinew," he concluded, "to cut their hair and dash their bodies in mourning. There will be many papooses who will die, because they

have no fathers to find them food, show your wisdom and call your men to put away their guns."

Books showed in the chief's eyes. But he did not immediately capitulate. Hours of argument followed before he held out his punch in a royal gesture and said, "Put those arms in my robes, white man. I will go with you, and we will Pequane. I do not wish to see my people suffer. You are brave men. It is not hard to be your prisoner."

The Indians also took Angus Rae and Norman Fiddler, who had done the actual killing, into custody. With their four prisoners, they then started the long trek back to Norway House. They spared the Indians the ignominy of being handcuffed, but kept constant guard over them.

It was almost summer again before they returned to Norway House, where the Indians were to be tried. While they awaited the trial, the medicine man, old Pequane, began to breed. One day he hanged himself with a scarf.

On August 8, 1897, Chief Musashinew pleaded guilty to the murder of Sep-wa-ut, taking full responsibility for the crime. Fiddler's sympathy was raised by his stand-atricle, but the official view was that he must be punished — particularly as evidence of 20 other similar cases was also available.

Musashinew was sentenced to death, but it was later commuted to life imprisonment. He died in his bunk at the Sioux Mountain Penitentiary three years later.

The two Indians, Angus Rae and Norman Fiddler, who had mainly been tools of the medicine man, were released and sent back to their tribe without trial — "to spread word of the power of the whites and the cruelty of Mounted Police justice."

Pointers to better health

HEART MACHINE

A London research worker has invented a machine which was recently used successfully in an operation in London. The machine provided the patient with one pint of blood a minute for the hour while the operation was in progress.

RED HOLE

On the street and elsewhere, thousands of people have been considered lunatics when they have not coughed a drop of liquid but were suffering from an illness. Besides drinking more than 30 cans can produce an appearance of drunkenness, including vertigo, epilepsy, brain tumor, fractured skull and normal cases of diarrhea.

SLEEP

Rand is now man-producing electric "sleep machine" for stomach ulcer victims. It works this way: Turned on, it gives out a faint rhythmic current which settles the central nervous system and natural sleep comes within one minute. This could be handy for people with insomnia.

BRAIN WORK

The University of California has been making some research on the human brain and has discovered that

the brain requires no more energy to produce nine thoughts than one type of mere thought. They add: "There is no apparent difference in the amount of blood, oxygen and sugar which the brain requires to produce a mere idea and a philosophic thought." Now who says that it is easier to fall into crime?

DIGESTION

Professor L. C. Ganssler, University of Illinois microbiologist, has made a synthetic vitamin which aids digestion. He has named it "Spak acid". Leafy vegetables, liver and yeast are rich in it. Professor Ganssler says that without his new vitamin, man cannot completely utilize carbohydrate. Strangely, plain carrots give, because they cannot make much property without it. If this Spak acid is as essential as the previous claim, it should do away with after-dinner bloats.

NEEDLE

A drop of cocaine put in the syringe along with the medicine will help ease painful injections, says Dr. Theodore Conkright of Chicago, in the "Journal of Investigative Dermatology". He believes that cocaine possibly thickens the nerve endings of the skin against the effects of the injection. So, in short, you need not be afraid of that needle.

QUICK SWITCH



Some people enjoy their work. The happy girl, shown owning of a city club, really likes her job. No one seems to know her name, maybe that is the reason for the cute smile. What is her job at the club? Look at the next page.





She is a telephone on the switchboard! And she has a number of calls. Now switch your gaze to the bottom of the page —



What a switch! Yes, it is the same gal, doubling as an entertainer. This telephone gal got the right number. And, indeed, she is a snappy number.



Out in front in another costume, with the band, our switchgirl makes a big hit. A torch singer with a figure and face like hers—and she's a telephone! They do say she gets more calls than any other switch gal.



THIS BUSINESS OF DIVORCE

Divorce is the very way out of a bad marriage. And divorce laws have been granted on fantastic grounds.



ALAN RAYMOND

WHEN the preacher utters the words, "The death do you part," he means it. The pious concerned mean to abide by it, too, until they find they can no longer stomach the party of the other part. Then there are three ways of dissolving a marriage—putting an angel name, getting a divorce or committing suicide.

All three methods have been used and are still being used—probably they always will be used—but it is the middle measure about which we are concerned at the moment. Divorce is the hot way of breaking up an unhappy marriage, but divorce is difficult to get in Australia

—and it can be very expensive. But it is simple to snap the bonds of matrimony in the United States of America—and some of the reasons given by the divorce petitioners sound very surprising to outsiders.

For example, a woman in San Francisco sued for divorce because her husband used a singing saw kettle when he prepared his breakfast at 3 a.m. each day. She was granted a decree on the grounds of mental cruelty.

In Minnesota a woman was granted a divorce after convincing the court that her husband had woosed and enticed her only to eat two quarts of whisky on a hot July

day, a woman in Los Angeles was granted a divorce because her husband had earned her ability to get an apartment.

These two cases quoted above must have had what it takes to "screw a girl, but they are not alone in that attribute. A 41-year-old woman suing for divorce in Louisville, Kentucky, insisted that her husband had just become tired of being married and had abandoned her. But, she hastened to add, he had always been a perfect gentleman.

The death of an architect in Los Angeles revealed that he had been guilty of a flagrant marriage and had been looking a double life. But both his wives declined. "He was a good husband" and both claimed he had. Evidently that architect had a plan for a perfect home.

Edna Hunt, aged 34, last year secured a divorce for the 12th time, which is not bad going, especially for one so young. It may speak for her charm over men—even if she could not hold them. She had since been married for the 12th time, and, at the time of writing, the marriage is going well. Of course, the basis from America

While Edna obviously did not have an inherently complex, one-woman-in-Texas-did. She sued for divorce because her husband had four university degrees and she herself had never been to college.

In Chicago, one, Laura Parker, aged 34, divorced her husband, Guy Parker, also aged 34, and married his brother, Richard 34. The marriage did not last, she sued for divorce—and got it. The charge was that her first husband set her younger brother a bad example by hitting her. She did not hit at all, with either of her brothers, evidently.

About the same time Laura was suing for divorce from her second spouse, Marcelline Dillon, won a

divorce in Indianapolis after certify-ing that her husband crushed her ribs while practicing wrestling holds after watching television. He could not keep his hold on her.

Of course, most marriages are very happy, although not all the seemingly happy ones are as they seem. For example, a marriage relations officer in San Francisco recalled his shock that he would have to cancel his engagement to speak on "How To Be Happy, Through Marriage" because he had been subpoenaed to answer his wife's suit for divorce.

Not all petitions succeed, even in America. One case that didn't took place in New Jersey. The husband's petition was dismissed because the judge ruled the male member of the plaintiff crowd. It appeared that he had ceased supporting his wife because she napped him. Ruling of the court was that snoring doesn't impress a wife's desperation.

Another man in Oklahoma was overruled by the judge when he complained that his wife continued to spend as much on clothes after marriage as before. The learned judge ruled that it was the husband who had to dress more frugally after marriage. When facing many cases a man is some household.

Who wears the pants in your house? A Dallas man could do nothing with his wife, so he took her to court. He asked the court to order her to stop reading comic and go back to housework. It is not recorded what the court ruled, but it is possible that, with such a man in a husband, the wife ordered him to do the housework.

After a lady does all day in the kitchen, should her grown sons come home with steaks and eat them in preference to his wife's cooking? That was the point to before a court in Florida. And the ruling?

The judge said a husband should honor his wife's cooking, even if it kills him. That judge gave some women ideas.

However, some women carry their kitchen (or at least their kitchen temper) far. A man in America told the court that his spouse signed a husband's name under her signature. "It makes me nervous," he said. He was granted a divorce.

Another fellow had a wife who not only indulged in a war on nerves, but who attempted to carry out physical violence. The scene was Fort Worth, U.S.A., and the man was a giant weighing 300 pounds and standing as tall as his father-in-law. He applied for divorce because his spouse fired a gun at him. He was granted his divorce, but, as the judge said, "I don't see how she missed."

Perhaps some violence is better than direct violence. In Saarbrücken, Germany, an underwriter, applying for a divorce, argued that his wife made him sleep in his horse stable. He was afraid the practice may become permanent.

In Ketterville, Tennessee, John Warren, filing a complaint with the divorce agent, Harry Weaver, claimed she wrote a song describing their marriage. The title of the song? "Thirty Years in Hell."

While law recognition men as the head of the house, husband and wife should be regarded as being equal, if the marriage is to go ahead on personal lines in Due, the actual wedding day should be the lady's day. But Thomas Head thought otherwise. While he may not have been a sportsman regarding marriage, he was a sportsman regarding football, too. As soon as he became legally wed to his spouse in England, Head took matters into his own hands and married his wife to a football match. He left her

in the street while he strapped for action and took his place in the field. Mrs. Head took umbrage at this behavior and charged her husband with desertion. The petition was dismissed.

It seems that pets can cause a whole heap of bother. In St. Paul, U.S.A., a woman was a divorce because he had trained the family dog to bite her. And in New Jersey a man got a divorce because his wife kept 70 canaries and he could not live with the 71 of them.

But do not take women into your own hands, men. In Rose's wife petitioned for divorce on the grounds of cruelty by her husband, Neal Snail. But the cruelty was not directed at her—nor physically, anyway. There were six in the household—Mr. and Mrs. Snail and four children. The children were active animals and they interfered with student Snail's studies, but he stood it as long as possible. Then came the breaking point, one cat devoured his breakfast and Snail caught it and spanked the feline with a newspaper. It was for spanking the cat that Mrs. Snail brought her charges for cruelty—and she was granted a divorce for such a small offense.

As Flensburg, Germany, Frau Irmgard Jepsen sued for a divorce.

"The children are locked in the cupboard. Please give me a five minutes start before you let them out."

The husband collected the case, took it around a corner, opened it, saw the mind, and took it out. He substituted ruskish about the weight of the case and took the case to his wife.

The court. He gave it to his wife. That was his mistake. His wife's immediate reaction was to burst into tears, but when she recovered her equilibrium, she had her spouse indicted. *Revoir!* The divorce court. She was granted a divorce. You can be too clever sometimes.

At Flensburg, Germany, Frau Irmgard Jepsen sued for a divorce. The grounds were not stated, but the circumstances were. Her sister

had made a habit of visiting all the towns of her neighborhood to make themselves for his girl friend. The wife did not find this appealing. The judge cut the marriage short.

When it comes to new ideas of new ways to end marriages, Hulda Otto must take the cake. She was the second wife of William Otto, a 76-year-old Cleveland, Ohio, man and she considered herself a medium-to-good medium. That was O.K. with William, but she insisted that her spouse believed. *Revoir!* The divorce court. She was granted a divorce. You can be too clever sometimes.

William Otto was granted a divorce, so now he is free from both his wives.



"The children are locked in the cupboard. Please give me a five minutes start before you let them out!"



"Just think . . . a **REAL** discovery!"

THEY FOOLED THE EXPERTS



A MERICAN millionaires claim between them, today, some 20,000 Corot paintings.

Only good everybody knows that Corot is one of the great masters of modern painting, and that his work, individually, are worth a fortune.

But there must be about 100,000 people who don't know that Corot, in his lifetime, painted some 2000 canvases.

But that's how it is. And the explanation is as simple as it is sinister. In the modern world collectors of antiques and objects of art have increased to a far greater extent than works of art have themselves increased. So that there are about 100,000 people throughout the world today who proudly exhibit their "original Corot"—and don't know how wrong they are.

Obviously, the next step is for one to pass thoughtfully on one's own and examine each work of art. After all, the business of keeping collectors happy has not been thwarted simply because of the lack of genuine old masters and antiques, and there was a man in France named Van Meegem. This gentleman was a painter who exhibited his work and was dismissed by the critics with a wave of the hand. He was not, they said, a man of talent.

Now, nobody likes to be told by the critics that he is not a man of talent. In N.S.W. there have been lawsuits over pictures as simple as

that. But Van Mergem dug in his toes and refused to make the critics eat their little words. Returning to his studio he went to work on a copy.

Very shortly a copy emerged, and copies, and another, from the famous Dieudonne Vermeir. The critics never about the discovery of hubbard unknown Vermeir originally, untilized their originality, and in other ways gave them every hall-mark of approval—before Van Mergem was ever out of his studio and modestly admitted that he, however and unfeignedly though he was, happened to be the painter of the masterpiece ascribed under the name of Vermeir.

Of course, as the ordinary citizen, this would tend to prove that as the works of Van Mergem and Vermeir were indistinguishable, the greatest experts have something like equal talent. But to the critics, it simply meant that Van Mergem was a skilled forger.

One is, of course, forced to wonder how a work of art derives its great value. If the merits of the work are equal and the value depends on the spelling of the name.

But in that problem one is not alone. One has the support, for instance, of the critics playboy of France, Francois Cremonese, a sculptor whose work was conscientious and well performed, but whose talent remained unrecognized.

What do I have that Robin didn't have? Francois asked himself, and he decided to find out by practical experiment.

About that time (which was late last century) a peasant working in a field at St. Juste sur Loire, turned up with his spade a piece of antiquity. Shaped with the clay that clung around it at first it seemed about the same as a bit of baked wood, but as the peasant cleaned

it off, he found he was standing in the field holding an enormous statue (smaller than life size) of the naked female. A marvelous find!

The peasant was a little chagrined because the female had, somewhere down through the ages, lost her nose, but after all, one did not expect statues to remain perfect through the ages. So the peasant haled the female off to Paris and showed her to various famed experts. These were delighted. They had always suspected that, in Roman times, there were accomplished Gothic sculptors, and they hailed the peasant discovery as a Gothic Roman's Venus, a kind of missing link in the history of art. Not only that, they installed the lady, modest as she was, in a museum.

Into all this enormous time France Cremonese, laughing heartily, the sculptor claimed that he had made the statue, that he had buried it in the field, that he had waited patiently for some time for the peasant to discover it, since the success of his experiment hinged on the discovery being genuine, and hearing what the experts would have to say about the genuine discovery of a totally unidentified piece of carving.

And what did the experts do here? They laughed, long and loud. They demanded to know whether they would put the thing in a museum if they were assured of its being fake? And Francois Cremonese laughed equally long and loud and said he was cynical enough to be sure they would!

Against such a case, whatever there was only one defense: The experts, rather than consider their statue, condemned Francois Cremonese when a sculptor but the man was! And in truth he could feel that, the experts, by claiming that he made the statue.

But under these attacks Francois

kept a stiff upper lip—and a smile. Hanging on his piano pocket he brought out a pair of snips.

"See," he said, "it is the missing nose of the statue—and when you find it for you have to believe in my statue, since I have the nose!"

And that's the way it was.

It recurred that, in 1930, there had come into the possession of the French experts or experts, a wonderful antique—a disc which once belonged to the old Egyptian king Sesostris. It had little resemblance to the discovered statue of the Queen, being no more than a gold disc without a brain, but skillfully engraved and embossed with ancient figures, and itself exceedingly old. The members of the French Institute examined it, and were delighted with its discovery so much so that it is over of \$60,000 dollars, they exhibited it in the famous repository of antique art, the Louvre, Paris.

But having closely guarded their secret until it was purchased, they forced a different story when they exhibited the find, with their constituents. In the Louvre, Art critics and possessors from around the world saw it and in Paris is the home of culture, it became necessary. And when that occurred, experts began to challenge the fact. The Egyptian king they knew. But his name they didn't know. And suspecting the disc in the Louvre, they weren't inclined to give full marks to the judgment of the experts.

The debate raged until 1932, and the more vitriolic, the more defense of the precious disc. But in 1933 a gentleman named Roachonowski arrived in Paris—a metal worker from Odessa, a simple Russian whom, upon scrupulously turned up a Tzar. He, he said, was the fabricator of the famed terra of Sesostris; his own skillful master's hands had fashioned it, caused

"We hasn't had a harvest in years."

Told the man to his mate in the bar,
They passed while they drink their beer.

Then the other cracked his fee and said, "What One of your mates—a little bit queer,

Or is it he just doesn't care?"

The first took a long gulp of his beer,
"Nothing," he said, "he just hasn't got it."

—AM-AM

the old world dragon, unleashed the heroic battle sequence, and, indeed, made it what it was. Further, he admitted, it wasn't easy to get paid for your work. Many people had seen it before it reached Paris, and refused point blank to pay much more than the value of the crude metal of which it was made.

The disc, with its date paradigm, had been looked around the most parts of Europe, but the price had been too high, the authenticity of it had been doubted—Roachonowski was asked and as any a Russian can be said, at the lack of appreciation of his work. For the Russian students to agree that he was as skillful as the early Egyptian goldsmiths was, indeed, a compliment . . .

And once more the experts laughed loud and long, and refuted his claim. They stressed a telling point—every time somebody found a genuine antique somebody claimed to have forged it. What? Was there no skill in the ancient world? Did all the works of art of Greece and Rome have to come from back streets

in Paris or Odessa? They wanted

But the Russian wasn't disengaged. He went into a workshop and frisked with some of the experts. And there, before their eyes, he proceeded to re-create from his memory, in metal, part of the famous torso—a part which could not be distinguished in any way from the pray original!

That capped the forgery. The experts were disengaged, and it became debatable whether the famous torso wasn't worth as much as its example of the patient forger, as it would have been worth as *Esquiphem*! *Esquiphem*!

But maybe the value of it as a forgery was measured by the fact that *Esquiphem* wasn't unique in its name. There was a German doctor named Wilhelm Bode, who, passing about Berlin, came upon a piece of statuary which he recognized as a masterpiece from long-ago times. It was, he believed, certain a piece of Leonardo da Vinci—and in perfect preservation. Having wildly, he took it back to Berlin. There he told the dramatic story of how he had purchased it in an old English antiquity shop.

Of course there were other experts in Berlin who refuted the piece at once, on the theory that nothing of the da Vinci quality could be kicking around like that—and in that state of preservation.

Wilhelm Bode, however, was no dray sight. Finally he went with the day. His opinion was irrefutable. Kaiser Wilhelm II himself said, in effect, what Dr. Bode says is good enough for me. So the da Vinci masterpiece was exhibited in the museum in Berlin, and the world ranked Germany in new field of masterpieces of art.

However, a little Englishman with no sense of diplomacy round his

head unexpectedly and said, in effect, "That isn't a work of Leonardo da Vinci. My father did that in 1860, and never sold it because he couldn't get £30 for it."

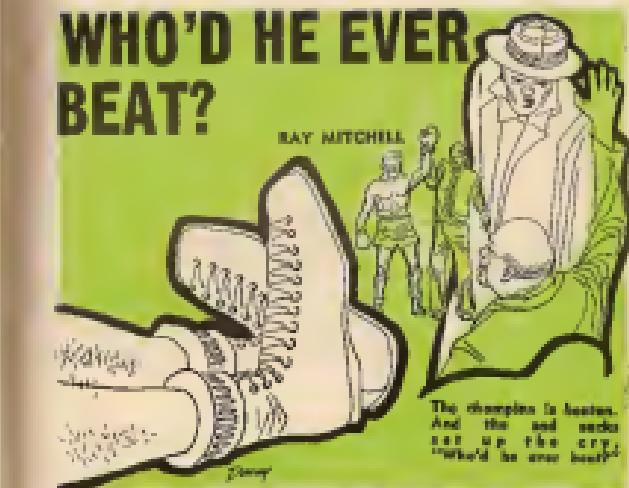
Before the onslaught of Lewis the younger, Dr. Wilhelm Bode jolted up, and the reputation of da Vinci was saved from carrying the burdens of the entire world of art.

These little incidents make one shudder, and if you have a mind for laying up antiques, collecting works of art, paintings, carvings, what have you, please remember that the natural increase production of works of art. Remember that you can get a photographic copy of a *Metisse*, Van Gogh, or Daughan, for a few shillings, and you can bring that in as an accurate copy but if you buy an original for a billion tons, the chances are that it is a fake, and you have no guarantee that it bears any resemblance to any genuine creation of the old masters.

In the search for collecting, somebody has to get honest, somebody has to lose out.

But the makers of antiques, like bookmakers, are rarely on the losing and how can they be? They meet the demands of a market which exists on pride of possession and more money than is good for it—for them is one thing which distinguishes the collector, and that is as a rule, the ignorance of the objects of art he collects.

On the other hand, there are forgers who are honest, as quick as skittles as the pretense old masters themselves, and it may be true somebody staged a society for the recognition of expert art fakers, since modern fake collectors have made the forgery of masterpieces a craft which is both skilled and remunerative.



The champion is honest.
And the bad ends
up in the crop.
"Who'd he ever beat?"

THE world contains some funny people—people who through lack of ability in the field where they would like to shine, overlook the ability of those who excel in that field. Particularly is it noticeable in boxing, a rugged sport of emotion, where the crowd goes wild with excitement. You have seen at a great fight in progress and the crowd is yelling itself hoarse, then, after lapsing the scene, you see groups of men gathered, discussing the night's fight and other great fights. Then it is that you meet the funny people; you see the same people, who minutes before have been yelling with the rest; and they say to you "You, but who'd he ever beat?"

Maybe you remember that great night, February 2, 1916, when the French knocked out Tommy Burns in twelve rounds of a really wonderful fight. That night Burns would have beaten any lightweight in the world and the crowd was thrilled to the core. After the fight was over, groups of louts were marvelling at the little Victor. Then a bad-looking character came up to one group and said "Sure Burns was, but he is not a great fighter." You pointed out that Burns had beaten every

who held the Australian title a few years ago Jack chilled them with his know-how; he was regarded as potential world title material, then, one night he was under to Rudy Goss, and the funny people set up the如何 "Who'd he ever beat?"

Maybe you remember that great night, February 2, 1916, when the French knocked out Tommy Burns in twelve rounds of a really wonderful fight. That night Burns would have beaten any lightweight in the world and the crowd was thrilled to the core. After the fight was over, groups of louts were marvelling at the little Victor. Then a bad-looking character came up to one group and said "Sure Burns was, but he is not a great fighter." You pointed out that Burns had beaten every

one he'd fought, but he had such says: "Yes, but would he ever beat—only a lot of guys."

This "Who'd-be ever-beat?" block is over on the world. A fighter has claimed the admiration of the crowd, he is making money, gaining fans. And the bad character is continually putting himself in the role he can never assume in real life, so he becomes an exhibitionist, he must attract attention to himself, so he comes out with the three-word line, "Who'd be ever beat?"

You remember the night of March 1, 1943? That night you saw the greatest fight in Australia's history when Tommy Rizzo, 100 per cent, better than when he fought Parker, fought with ever-waiting features against the Americans Negro, O'Neill, Bell and knocked out Bell in the fifth. What a great fight that one was! You remember seeing the dance of groups of fans, kinds to leave the atmosphere of the stadium pneumonia as they loudly demanded and adored the spirit of Burns; you remember them discussing other great fighters and not heading up to line up to the Burns-Bell fight, except for a few old timers who talk about the Grigori Denko battle. And while this discussion is going on, you observe the bad micks going from group to group, saying, "Sure, Burns won. Now he beat Bell. But who did Bell ever beat?"

Maybe you paid \$3.75 to see the last Dave Sands when Carl Robie Olson in 1950. It was not a spectacular fight, because Olson was downed in the first round, survived many more brain-crushing punches, in fact on points, but was saved from a K.O. by a benevolent Sands who evidently wanted a return bout. And Sands never looked good unless he was flat out to win from the start. You Dave had a world-class fighter that night; and

he beat him again in Chicago last. A lot of bad micks were around that night. "Sands! Who'd be ever beat?"

Well, Sands beat a lot of guys who could fight. And Olson gave Ray Robinson the stiffest argument of his career, so much so, that when Ray lay exhausted on a table after the fight, he answered the question, "Will you fight Dave Sands?" with the comment, "I want a lot of money to fight that guy."

Robinson has been rated the greatest all-round fighting machine, pound for pound, produced in America in a generation. He wanted no part of Sands. And when Ray retired, that meant Olson drew on his world title chart. Olson said, after he won the title, "If Dave Sands were alive, this title would be his."

So, and micks, there is your answer to the query about Sands, "Who'd be ever beat?" He beat the man who was a world title, he beat the man who gave the "greatest of a generation" the hardest fight of his life. What a mick, he beat him twice.

Maybe you have seen prospects putting micks a title, starting the path with E.O. victory. There have been a number. Vic Patrick was one, Jack Hansen was another, Jack Blanchard took the line-up and young Col Clark is on the way up right now. Of course, there is Jimmy Corrigan who won the Australian title in his fifth fight and the world title in his 19th. And as he went on his winning way, the bad micks were looking for him. They said he could not take it. He has proved he can. They said he could not handle a buster. He has proved he can. So, with all their assertions proved wrong, they have fallen back on the time-worn theme, "Who'd be ever beat?" And of course, the answer is easy—Jimmy Corrigan beat all he met, and that includes

the world's top mambas.

The strange thing about all this is the heading of a fight page after he is finished. Ron Richards is a case in point. Ron has some 22 fights in over 130; but he was a good fighter. However, every time he was defeated the old cry went up, "Richards was never any good! Tell me one good fighter he beat!" And when Ron did win there was always that element who said the other fellow was no good. But what do they say about Richards now? "Now there was a great fighter, Ron Richards. What would he have done to the present crop?" What would he have done to Sands?" And they laugh as though it was no silly for words to speak of the great Ron Richards in the same breath

with Sands and other middleweights of recent vintage.

Sure, Richards was a great fighter; he beat some great fighters in such a manner that he must be accorded his due. But I, for one, think that Sands would have stopped Ron. And I saw them both fight at their best.

The greatest title this country has had since Duxy was Vic Patrick. Vic leveled them over like canaries and had the greatest E.O. record of them all. But, odd though he was—or perhaps it was because he was so odd—there were drummers who set up the cry, "Who'd be ever beat?" Yet when Vic met his Waterloo when he went under to Freddie Dawson, just 10 months past his peak, the micks were silent. They realized



"Can I borrow it when you're finished?"

they had just witnessed the eclipse of a great fighter and they rejoiced that those were records. For French was a great fighter and probably had no peer in the history of the Australian light-heavyweight division.

There are too many of these sad ends in the light game and they work under other circumstances, too. For instance, they champion a fighter whom they think is not getting a fair go from the promoters, they take up his cause and howl to high heaven that no-one has beaten every contender in sight, so why doesn't he get a shot at the other. Then, when no-one does get his chance—and he wins—his opponent turns on him with the old familiar cry: "He is a cheese champion. Tell me, who'd he ever beat?"

A case in point was the Bates Hall, Jake La Motta. Jake had beaten all the middleweight contenders while he battled his way to the top of the world heap. But he could not get a chance for the title and the fans, and the writers, took up his cause. They pointed out where he had beaten and they demanded that the champion faced his title. Eventually Jake got his chance; he won the crown from the Frenchman, Marcel Cerdan. And then came the pay off, the fans began ballyhooing for someone to take "the team's title". "La Motta can't fight. Give us a champion who can."

Edward Charles was another recent case. He was leading contender for the world heavyweight title when Gino Lesevitch was in the throes of that division. Charles was harboring at Lesevitch's door for some years and could not get his chance. The fans set up the cry for Charles to get an opportunity. Edward solved the situation himself: he left the division and campaigned among the big fellows. And he

won the world heavyweight title. What happened? The fans suddenly realized the conclusion that he was an unsung champion. "He can't fight." He is the worst champion we ever had," they said and they denied the Bill of the light game when such a man could rule the world's fighters.

A third way the fans—the end users of the light game—work, is to award a fight so we their lad knock off an "opponent", then when the underdog wins the champion and gets on a good show, they bestow the verdict in favour of their idol, no matter how close out the decision.

Take one case in many—Jimmy Corrath's fight with Bobby Blue. The figured to let a few rounds, but Bobby fought like a world title contender against the champion and won the decision. If Bobby won one round that was his fault. I scored three drawn rounds and gave to Corrath in that 12-round fight, which was a classic. Yet the crowd cheered like maniacs because Jimmy was given the verdict. In their hearts they knew that Corrath was clearly hot but they let their admiration for a great boxer sway their judgment. These were sympathy bouts.

And after the fight the end users still asked the same question: "What he ever beat?" and yet got sick of him and demanded: "Who was a great fighter? The school who did French over hot, who did Corrath over hot, who did the French over hot. Who was ever a great fighter?" And he thinks for a moment and comes up with Derry, Thoma, Godfrey and a few more of his own era. And you point out that all the men he mentioned were better. Lendly he says: "Ah, but they were fighters in those days."

And you laugh at him and turn away.



DARCY MILAND

THEY had a human torch up there at Kester that year. His name was Sonny Holopais. He was the flattest Maori you ever saw, and when they come in bulk, those brown fellows, nature is certainly no skimping.

He was easily the strongest man they ever had in that camp, and they had plenty. He heard nothing, nor he was as gentle as a lark. All that enormous weight he kept to himself as he rolled and tumbled around like a great heap of poultry. He never sang a shout.

When he came down from the east coast he was already a legend among his own; he had a big place right there in the oral history of the Ngatioporen tribe. But he never

didn't say there. It had spread.

You could pick up a story about him every day among the maroon-borders on Rangitoto in the deep south. You heard about him up at Cape Maria in the lighthouse there. He was like a kind of pan or baby food. Everybody somebody knew something about him or had heard of his name.

They made a great song and dance about him in the Auckland papers when he hiked a train back on the main at Arorangi.

A whining Melbourne promoter wanted to take him back to Australia. He filled his car full of gold about what a tremendous future awaited Sonny as a wrestler. But Sonny only looked at him with a dry

giggle and said he liked it where it was.

"The men pridely will blacklisted for my harm," Sonny said. "They might eat a pridely man."

When somebody took him around to a city gas station he made the rounds happy chattering present look and feel like the waiters who were waiting their wage and money.

They were stripped to football shorts and leaped-down Without effort. Sonny Hobeparts prided, unshaved, dressed and-jacketed. And he didn't care off his coat.

They talked about getting him into an Olympic team. But he only giggled again and said no. They persisted. He nodded. They left it at that. Nobody hit him during the game.

Up there at Keween it was a happy setup. They were a mob of good fellows, and they all got on well together.

Then a man named Brady came on the job. He was an Australian, and had not his teeth on the nail either in the west.

He knew his work all right, and you couldn't fault him. But his character was different. You could drive a poker through some of the holes in it.

He was only about 34 with a dark face and piercing black eyes that might have pointed to a bit of leaven in him. He was thick-necked, wide-shouldered. He had a gravelly voice that was not unattractive. His head was a mass of jet curly set close to the skull like scratches.

He was a rough, like Brady. Blow your nose and he got the action you were slapping off. He could work up a rage into fighting temper quicker than you could flick your fingers. He liked to fight. Nobody knew why, but you'll get men like that. If they think there's somebody better than they are they

can't rest, they're not satisfied. till they beat him. They're looking for the challenge all the time. Maybe they've got a story on the world. Maybe they've got to prove to themselves that their ultimately complete is not all that it's cracked down to be.

At any rate, he came up against Sonny Hobeparts one day. It was on a Saturday afternoon, and Sonny was bent over a winding tub bouncing his back when Brady started to pick him. Sonny took no notice. He went on chattering, presenting to the world his great role like the blatherings of an elephant.

Brady kept up his taunt, trying to get the big fellow going, but he couldn't good him. Only once Sonny turned his broad smiling face and told Brady to go and take a pridely headache powder.

That wasn't sufficient incentive to start Brady throwing punches. He liked his man to get started up. He liked to see the sparks in his eyes, and the clench of his fists.

The man only looked on with rifle contempt and hags. They knew why Brady was hitting Sonny. It was that son of a bitch coming out again. He had nothing against the Moon, but the time he had heard about his physical prowess had only served to set him up as a worthy whom, as you another challenger is to be topped.

When Brady saw he was not hitting anywhere with his fists, he walked up behind Sonny, and said: "You're not a man. You're just a god big heap of blubber."

"Ah, let's go away, pridely silly biter," Sonny snarled amably.

"You know who you're not a man, mardigan," Brady grinded. "Because if you was a man you wouldn't take what I've been saying to you."

Sonny stopped his huge arms on the table. He was silent with impatience. His bloodshot eyes blotted

around and stayed in the corners of their sockets. Then he moved his bulk around the tub, shifting his posterior out of danger.

The man laughed. Brady was annoyed by their laughter, and by the dubious assessment on Sonny Hobeparts face. He suddenly grabbed the tub and splashed it, dousing Sonny from the waist down.

Sonny looked startled for a moment. Then he surveyed his sodden countenance with a sardic expression, and glanced up at Brady, who stood with clenched teeth and gritting eyes.

"Now, look what you did!" Sonny said, as he ought to a child. "You boxer go 'way, or I smash your pridely bottom!"

Brady hit him hard in the face and once in the ribs. He got no further. The titan dropped him in his arms in a bear hug. Brady struggled, grunting obscenities. Sonny didn't move from the spot. There was no anger on his face. In fact, his eyes were opened wide in unashamed joy. The muscles, the tendons in his arms were like the roots of a tree. To no minute the edges smoothed out. Brady dropped unconscious.

For three weeks after that, Brady kept away from Sonny. Then he told Sonny he'd like to buy the hot chit. They shook hands. Sonny was happy. He would have turned anything if it meant keeping things nice and peaceful and pleasant. But everybody else there knew that Brady was asking Jules Laramie to meet her.

One day, a few weeks later, Sonny Hobeparts donned his great brown boots, got out his best blue shirt and red tie, took the contact out of his suit in the sun, slipped his sunglasses on his hand and went down to Blackland.

He was away for two weeks, and he

came back with company, a red shirt and a blue tie and a tremendous charge of good spirits.

The man said of it was the company—a young, fat, pretty, coquettish woman, full of a confidence that made her seem silly.

"Men," said Sonny Hobeparts, "met the pridely women."

Everybody clapped, and in turn went up and shook Sonny's hand and, exhausted by Sonny, kissed the bride who shook and shuddered in a system of embarrassed giggling.

Sonny picked a seat for him and his wife some distance from the bandbox. Every night the man could hear his signature laughter and the laughter of the woman. They were a happy couple. Some time Sonny would grab her and walk her in front of the boys until she collapsed helpless with laughter and ran away in giggling confusion. Other times he would push her up and down into a barrel. She thought he was Cleopatra, and everyone knew it.

That included Brady. Whether he had his eye on the woman, at that place where a man can little or nothing of women, or whether he used her mainly to get his own back on Jules, nobody could tell—but the fact was that he got no fun in getting friendly with her.

Sonny helped him, though he did not know it. Why should he suspect that he was asking for trouble? Brady he treated like a mate. He took Brady over with him at nights and they played cards or dominoes. Then, Sonny's wife made tea and sat in to the sugar with them.

It was Sonny who took Brady's dirty clothes from him on Saturday and gave them to the woman to wash. When Sonny decided to make a small vegetable garden, Brady helped him to dig the soil and plant the seeds. The woman was there

all the time, watching and talking. It wasn't long before Brady had won the deep affection of Sonny's wife. More than that, there was pleasure in the looks the great bear still Sonny went about like a big happy innocent. He saw nothing wrong in leaving his wife alone in the tent with Brady while he went over to the hukuhouse for a picnic with the boys. When they chatted here that Brady would be getting away with his women he chuckled right on, adding to the joke himself, roared with laughter.

"A pretty man looks silly there, old," was all he said.

One day Brady, on some pretext, said he had to go back to the hukuhouse. He was away an hour. He did the same thing a week later, claiming that he was sick in the muscles. That time he didn't come back. When the men came in from the telling he was lying on his back, and Sonny's wife was riding on a

box alongside. He said he felt like hell. He couldn't imagine what it was, some way he must have picked up.

But he was a good son, smoked, and passed on the talk and laughter of the men.

Brady was laid up for two days with this mysterious sickness of his, and everybody was beginning to come on to the case of it. Everybody except Sonny. Brady came back and worked out the rest of the week. On Monday he was in for another spin-back that lasted three days.

It was too bizarre for words. Big Sonny Hobupara was being taken for a sicked good and proper, and he was too well liked for a thing like this to go on happening under his cheery big nose with him not able to go even a mile of it. Nobody knew how deeply in the woman was, but it was pretty plain that her son wasn't being trifled. She

was in the mudding plot with Sonny, and she was putting it over Sonny, too.

Lugged on by the rest of them, Cliff Crowley told Sonny what they thought. He was sure, they expected a great gallop, but Sonny's face didn't even twitch. He looked steadily at them. There was not even a glimmer of human in his eye. It was the first talking they got that he expected something—but maybe expected something all along.

Still nothing happened until the day of the storm.

They heard it coming before they saw in a great tremendous howl in the distance. A great out-spirin. Immediately, they knocked off and made back to the camp. Nobody had to be told of the dangers of a storm-tossed forest.

Brady and Sonny Hobupara came last. They pushed on quickly as the first few drops fell, as the wind roared among the crowded trees and striking the great tops thereof and snapping them in space.

Sometimes the tremendous winds draw the trees forward like a wave, then houghs intermit, and soon do not turn back with the rebounding tree they may knock, split and tangled, and are ready for action like a set of catapults triggered by the next violent blow.

That was how the younger fell that afternoon. Amid the din, the two men both heard the roaring explosion above them, the crackling crackle of brambles and replings in the path of the descending jaggedness. They saw different ways. The great trunk clattered on the ground, quarreling like a bird, and fell. It struck Brady, sent him somersaulting and fell across his back, pinning him fast. He squirmed, groaning.

Sonny Hobupara ran up to him, stood three feet away. He stared at

Mr. Black was very interested in Stevenson and took a course of mosquito gland treatment. He married some years later and in due course his wife was conceived. Eventually Mr. Black went to the hospital to enquire how his wife was and what was the child was. The nurse informed, "Your wife is well, Mr. Black," she said, "but I don't know what we poor child is—it's clutching the chamber."

the struggling man. Brady named his hand "Help me," he gasped. "I can't move. Do you stuff, Sonny."

The Maori squirmed as his launcher. Brady looked him his eye, wondering. Then he knew Sonny Hobupara hated him. His hand clanged on the ground. He dragged the branch from his lungs. He looked up again, and there was a dazzling gleam in his eye.

"You great hooligan," he jested. "What have you been silly?" then collapsed. All about your great tree of strength. What a joke—and they fell for it."

"That you probably mouth," Sonny Hobupara said.

"You great mag— you couldn't fly a little higher. You're all bluff. If you're as good as you're cracked up to be you'd have this log off me. No trouble."

Suddenly, Sonny Hobupara moved. He leaped over. He snatched his hands under out end of the ton-weight log. Brady jolted, kept plunging him in triumph, sweating.

The Moon brood himself, squirmed. He lifted the log to the height of his waist. Then he dropped it, smiling.

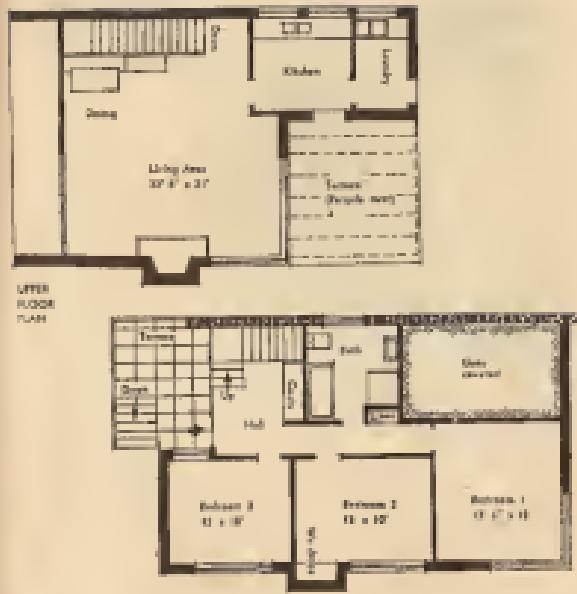
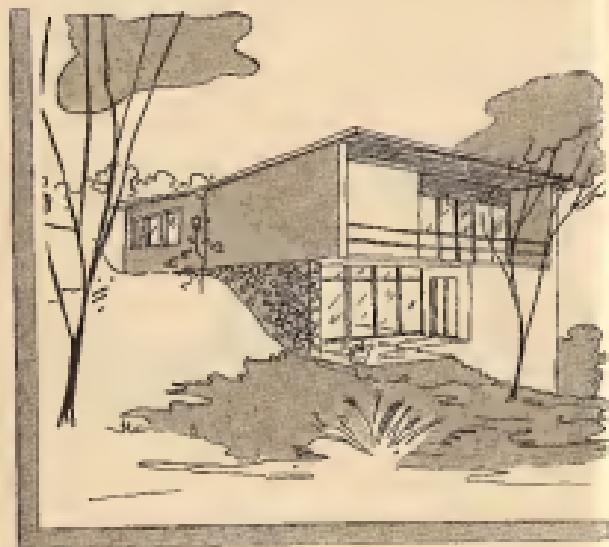


"I volunteered to go for help."

CAVALCADE

HOME OF THE MONTH

E. M. BURRICH



Planned for a block of land that runs steeply from the front to the rear, this house reverses the usual order by having the living room upstairs for better views, and bedrooms and garage. Because of the rise in the ground the laundry door is on level ground again. The water enters the house straight through a light airy hall from which an open stair takes him straight into the living room. This room opens onto two bedrooms, one for master bedroom, one for

guests, which also serves as a dining terrace. The kitchen is small but efficient. The bedrooms are reasonably large and open to the north. Bedroom III has direct access to the outside, a sunroom for a child's room where friends can visit without entering the house. The downstairs terrace makes a good wet weather play area.

Construction is brick and overall the 174 square garage is located elsewhere.



MIRAGE

Mirages can be photographed. A camera is not as sensitive to colour as the eye, nor does it register as fully, therefore the photo will not be as close to the impression on the eye. A mirage is caused by a bending of light rays, which come to the eye, not in a straight line, but in an arc. The bending is caused by a layer of hot and thinner air underlying colder and heavier air. Apart from the desert, mirages are commonly seen on black-top highways and can be seen even over water.

BEEN HERE BEFORE

How many times have you felt, when visiting a place for the first time that you have been there before? There is nothing supernatural in that, as many people believe. It is an illusion called pareidolia. How it happens is this: you arrive at a strange place and immediately have your memory triggered. Upon glancing around again, you remember the same you had glanced upon earlier, but which had not had time to register. Immediately you get the impression that you have been there before.

MERMAIDS

Perhaps no asteroid has baffled astronomers as much as Homan, which was discovered in 12 photographs of the night sky made at four observatories in the latter part of October, 1955. Up to the present day counter attempts have failed to rediscover and determine the orbit of this new and known planet. Thus, while it has never been seen by the human eye, it comes within 973,000 miles of the earth, which is closer than any other planetary body on record.

SOAKING STOCK

A rare 5% per cent. bond, issued in Holland in 1891 in issue funds for the repair of a dyke, is owned by the New York Stock Exchange. Not yet repaid, the bond will not mature and is now worth \$140 Australian. It has never missed an interest payment in the whole 100 years it has existed.

THE GOOD OIL

A hospital in Memphis unexpectedly received a \$2000 dollar gift from an aged oil man. He explained he owed it to the institution because he had been a charity patient there many years before.

NEW LIVES FOR OLD

The days when a couple was doomed to spend the rest of his life in a hospital are rapidly closing.

IT happened on a summer's day during the evening rush hour. No one, not even John A. knew quite how. One moment he was jostling with other workers for a foothold on the unstable platform of the crane, then he was falling, there was the roar and rattle of spinning wheels, pain and mortal blackout.

For John A. it was the end of living. He was not killed but he felt he might just as well have been. What use in the world is a man in his mid-fifties who has suddenly been deprived of both legs, his right arm and all but the shrivelled remains of his left hand? Unstopable operating, the only trade he understood, was no longer for him and he was too old to learn a new trade even if

there were anybody willing to teach him. John applied for the hospital pension and crept into the refuge of his little house with only one hope . . . that he might not have many more years to live.

Today, hardly two years after his accident John holds down a full-time job and devotes his weekends to his garden and various repairs about the house.

The accident was worked by a young Government department, the Civilian Rehabilitation Branch of Commonwealth Social Services. The lucky clipping of the scheme for rehabilitating disabled servicemen, Civilian Rehabilitation is six years old this year and during its short existence has brought new life



and hope to therapeutic. His task is to fit the disabled for full-time occupations.

Rehabilitation first heard of John A. through the Department of Social Services. He was just a name on one of the many invalid pension applications referred to them. John was asked to call at the New South Wales office in Sydney for an interview and medical examination.

From the moment of his acceptance John ceased to be a name on paper and became a very human and personal problem for the highly-trained staff who helped him to reconstruct his life. He was fitted with artificial legs and a hand for his right arm. Each day a special bus called at his home and transported him to a day centre where physiotherapists taught him to use his new limbs with, climb stairs, get in and off public transport.

Gradually John became confident of his movements. With the aid of his book and the stump of the left hand he was able to clothe himself and get anything he needed around the house instead of experiencing the humiliation of being cared for like a baby.

But there was still a psychological problem. Unable to support his family, John felt he had let them down. His son, for whom he had planned University training, would have to get a job to support Dad's pension. His wife took over the house chores which had been his responsibility but, although she worked many hours much was left undone. The garden, John's special pride, became a wilderness of weeds.

The occupational therapist who had taught him to manage with his book and artificial hand undertook the next task of designing special guides and household tools for John.

The result was that although he

was still on the pension eighteen months after his accident, John worked steadily around his home.

One day the vocational guidance officer with whom he had had long talks and whom he looked upon as his friend, telephoned "John, how would you like to go back to work in a nursery?"

A small job pointer had been found who was willing to take John on for a three months trial as a copy reader. The trial was such a success that John now has a permanent job. No longer a pensioner he is the family bread-winner once more. His place for his boys' education will be fulfilled. Every day he works as hard as all of all the community he is the one least likely to meet with an accident. He knows what carelessness can do.

John is only one of ten thousand cases which have already been handled by the Cudlipp Rehabilitation Service branch. Cases are drawn from the Department of Social Services' file of invalid pensioners and disabled benefits and tuberculosis allowances recipients. All applications are automatically referred to Rehabilitation and if there is a chance that a recipient—who must be 50 per cent incapacitated before he can receive an allowance—can be put back into full-time employment, Rehab takes the case.

Anything up to three years will be devoted to making one person fit physically, training him for a new occupation if necessary and placing him in a job. Pensions are paid during treatment and the treatment and appliances such as artificial limbs are paid for by the department.

In six years Rehabilitation treatment centres have been established in all States. There is nothing of the atmosphere of a hospital or re-

habilitation about these centres. Many are gracious old houses set in lovely grounds; and the very surroundings, giving a sense of peace and well-being, play their part in recovery.

A typical residential centre for women is a three storey brick house on a tree-lined street of a quiet suburb. Picturesque landscaped paths lead there in the case of a kindly beekeeper. Their spacious bedrooms, with three and four beds at the most, have panelled coloured walls and bright curtains and drapes. Each girl has her own reading lamp and dressing table. Each floor has a comfortable living room where they can read, knit or read, listen to the radio or just gossip in the evenings. They make their own beds and do their washing in a laundry especially equipped to cater strings centre for the girl who wears two braces on her legs or is slowly regaining the use of a withered arm. Each day these women go to a nearby day centre for pensioner and when they are able to return to the working world others are waiting to take their place.

All centres have a standard equipment for medical treatment: physiotherapy rooms, a sun deck with the most up-to-date apparatus, occupational therapy workshops for spinning from broken working and potterymaking to metal-turning and ceramics. Therapists work under the supervision of the Department's doctor. Centres also have a nursing staff in attendance and an education centre for patients who are taking vocational training at the same time as their physical treatment.

Already N.S.W. has three centres, Melbourne has two, South Australia also has two and Queensland and West Australia have one each. Mildura, the W.A. centre, was an old

Army camp until whitewashing of the buildings and grounds transformed it into a local showplace and an efficient centre accommodating 50 patients.

A group of used cycling handbikes at Jersey Bay, N.S.W., was converted into a residential centre for men. Set on a wooded headland overlooking the estuary, one circle of the Bay, the Centre accommodates 21.

Harry N. was sent down to Jersey Bay for readjustment to his after discharge from aatorium—so named T.B. care.

Rehabilitation took over when the hospital closed. Immediately after his discharge Harry was packed off to Jersey Bay. During his leisure hours he could swim, go on one of the many outings organised by the patients themselves, or do his bit with the Centre cricket team.

Physical culture classes and occupational therapy built up Harry's health and resilience so largely so that each week he found himself able to work longer and he could go through a full day without tiring. The best treatment of all will be associated with the other patients who went far worse off than he.

At Jersey Bay he made his first real contact in six years with the world outside. Being a small community the Bay gives the disabled men an opportunity to mix with the friendly and helpful residents. Rehabilitation are often invited to social functions and in turn organise entertainments for the local people. It gives them confidence for their return to competitive life.

Three months after the beginning of his treatment, Harry N. was not only in a physical condition to do delicate light work, but he was eager to have another go at life. His old traps solved the employment

problem. On hearing Harry's case brought to their notice they agreed to take him for on-the-job training in a which differs.

Although the majority of cases require physical rehabilitation, there is sometimes a patient who requires more psychological treatment. Young Maria R.'s own doctor drew her problem to the attention of the Department. She had suffered all her nineteen years with a bone ailment which surgery finally remedied. But Maria had always been treated as an invalid. Even after her successful operation she continued to think of herself as such and her parents encouraged the notion.

She was, until a social worker, unable to do the most simple things for herself, and her personality was completely undeveloped. She was in such a bad way that she did not even like the praise in her appearance used for girls of that age.

Attendance at a day centre took Maria away from the hampering influence of her parents. For a few months she was given occupational therapy, learning to take care of and dress herself. Soon she found she was as capable as the other women and as her confidence increased, her social personality began to widen. She began to tidy herself, use make-up and take an interest in dresses and hair styles. Rehabilitation also arranged for her to complete her secondary education.

Today Maria, who looked forward to a lifetime of invalidism, is just any one of the smart, young female girls off to the office each morning. What is more, she is engaged.

The medical and vocational phases of Rehabilitation are closely linked. The medical staff of the Centre see that a rehabilitation is as it is his duty to allow, once physical and mental capabilities are had their

feetings over to the vocational officers who then, if necessary, arrange for training in suitable trades or professions. Where academic training is required it is arranged with the co-operation of the Department of Education. The work of Rehabilitation is not complete until a disabled person has been placed in full-time employment.

Employment for the physically disabled is no longer limited to driving a lift. Since 1948 almost six thousand handicapped people have been put back into industry in occupations ranging from accountancy, book-keeping, cabinet-making, radiography and factory work, to agricultural work and over-the-counter selling.

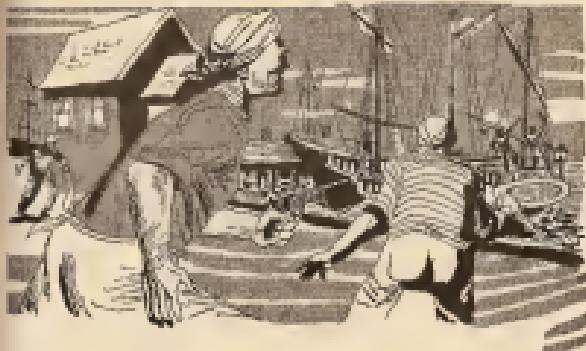
Employers who have accepted the disabled have found they can compete satisfactorily with the able worker. Also the physically handicapped who rarely get jobs will work hard to keep them. Business concern with two or three years' experience of disabled employees report that they are efficient and conscientious and less prone to absences or shifting from one job to another than the worker who has never known severe handicap.

Rehabilitation figures show that of the cases handled during the past six years more than half have been placed in employment. Of these 80 per cent. would have been permanent losses while the remainder have had the period they would have been without jobs and an income benefit reduced by as much as 40 per cent. By becoming wage-earners and tax-payers, rehabilitation pays back the cost of treatment in one and a half years of employment.

No statistic, however, can reckon up the renewed happiness, confidence and self-respect of the disabled man or woman who has been given a new life.

Pirates created havoc in Australia within a century ago, many of them being escaped convicts.

FRANCIS MURRAY



PIRATES STRUCK IN TASMANIA

FOR a quarter of a century from about 1830, Van Diemen's Land suffered from a band of pirates that was inflicted in no instance only on the property of the mainland. The bandit was piracy.

Two accounts are given of a recent piratical raid on Seal Island, a small and desolate rocky island, below Kingston Point in Sloopers Bay, D'Entrecasteaux Channel. Neither gives an exact date or the names of the pirates. Other references suggest that the year was 1839.

According to one account, an old soldier named Cole had settled on the island, his son, aged 14, and his daughter, a fine "swinging wench" of 18, being the only other inhabitants. At 10 o'clock on a dark night, four pirates boarded a whaleboat on the island. The boat had been previously used by them on their escape from Port Arthur.

Seal Island has an area of about eight acres, and a house on it would not have been difficult to find in the dark. Cole and his daughter were acting quickly by the fire and had no surprise that four hard faces pointed at them through the window.

The warning came when the door was burst open, and four convicts jumped into the kitchen. The old man leaped to his feet, only to find himself staring into the mouth of a pistol, the only weapon in possession of the scamps. The armed man and one other guarded Cole.

This notice appeared at a cemetery during the last war. "Owing to unemployment difficulties, grave digging will be carried out by a skeleton staff!"

* * *

A man said the only reason his dwelling was not blown away in a recent tornado was because there was a heavy mortgage on it.

While the other two compelled the girl and the boy to lead the way in the storm.

Cola saw a chance, though one that might well cost him his family life. A table knife had dropped on the floor unnoticed when supper had been cleared. Walking with the gunman's eyes left his consequently, he jumped in, knocked up the sounds of the masher, snatched up the knife, and leaped at the armed convicts.

Cola drove the blade home, severely wounding the man, but the sound was ringing out. Cola did not have time to get the gun, he wounded the knife line of the falling convicts and drove it to the hilt in the body lurking at hand. This man was so severely wounded that he died within a few days.

Before Cola could claim the fallen gun, the other two convicts noticed from the roosters, alarmed by the noise of the fight, Cola rousing the birds again in a violent rattle at the leading man, but the blade was

clawed of flesh, and the rush enabled the old man to the floor. The prisoners paused on him, one getting his extended fingers in a deadly grip on Cola's wadgrip.

In despair, the girl attacked with anything that came to her hand, horking pots and pans furiously at the stranger, but the boy rallied for a more potent weapon. Among his father's trophies of war was a heavy Mizen chisel blower. Cola's knife had been bloodied again, though not on the man gripping his throat. The boy got all his strength behind the swing of the chisel he crushed it on the stranger's head, and the man sagged limply.

With the odds thus evened, the prisoners had had more than enough; they wanted only to escape, and Cola was so exhausted to do anything to stop them. They got away to the whale-boat, the more active helping the badly wounded, and got to sea, but they were captured near morning, and cheated the gallows by dying of his wounds.

In the same category of piracy of relatively small boats were the pirates of the *Leven*. These were three escapees from Port Arthur who made their way in a small, stolen boat to Leven Mouth (Ulverstone), where they were joined by Billy Rose, a convict working as an unaged servant and daily expecting his return of leave.

After doing more robberies along the coast, the pirates seized the pilot boat at George Town, crossed Bass Strait, and landed at Point Nepean. They reached Melbourne, where two armed convicts burst in to wait their passage to England. Rose and the other were caught and condemned to death for piracy. The sentence was commuted to the living death of Norfolk Island.

In 1852, Dalton and Kelly, notorious

badbangers, pirated a whale-boat on the River Forth, but they happened to make the crossing. At Ulverstone, they attempted to seize the schooner, "Jane and Elizabeth", but a well-armed party of local residents had taken refuge in it and had saved the sailors' whale-boat.

A longship was sought for the return of the whale-boat, and Dalton and Kelly reached Melbourne. Dalton foolishly tried to make some Van Diemen's Land ropes. He was arrested, as was Kelly later, both died at the end of ropes in Levenston, on April 28, 1853.

More dramatic, but still in the escape category, was the power of the "Dove" at Wyndard. In 1852 Tidous-of-hands man, Bradley, and convicts, O'Connor, hatched from Stanley, determined on vengeance and kidnapping. They robbed and waylaid an old-tug on their way to Wyndard, and they seized a load of 1200 sovereigns when a mailboat, known as "Faddy the Tramp", suspicious of their gang, hauled before they were within shooting range.

They were drinking at Wyndard when police arrived looking for them. They piled to the "Dove", a small sloop ready to put to sea with a load of timber for Port Alberton, Oppaline. Bradley had the master under his gun, while O'Connor kept the police back until the boat sailed. Under threat of death, the master landed them near Port Alberton.

They were free on a free land, but O'Connor murdered a ploughman in order to steal his horses. A young man on a blood-borne boat the drogher boat in Melbourne, and police were waiting for the mailboat at Cressfield. Bradley surrendered without firing a shot, but O'Connor held, armed with a single-barrelled gun. A trooper ran him down, he noted his to show

O'Connor's fist, then he closed his hand and killed him with the fist of his friend. They were hanged in Melbourne for the Oppaline murder.

In an earlier era, British convicts on the "Jane Shore" comprised the allegiance of the sailors and seafarers who joined the convicts in mutiny. A good ball showed the opposition of the captain, and the ship sailed for South American waters, it is appears from official records, being dispersed by the black flag flying the crew boat and shell of power.

Macquarie Harbour figures in two noted pictures. On a voyage there on the "Dympna", convict Seaford had a mutiny, seizing the ship. They reached the Fusilli Islands, Japan, and China, in Canton they passed as degenerated slaves and were given free passage to England. A fellow-citizen, Poggy, recognized most of the mutineers in England and informed. Of three captured, two were hanged in England, while Seaford was returned to Port Arthur, where he died.

When Macquarie Harbour was being abandoned as a penal settlement early in 1854, 10 convicts, four soldiers, four sailors, David Hoy, a ship-wright, and Price Tew, master of the 120-ton "Frederick", comprised the mutineers. They were ready to leave on January 11, the long-hung then practically completed. Hoy had built it with convict labour.

A friendly atmosphere prevailed among the mutineers. When bad weather delayed the departure, Tew allowed the prisoners ashore to wash their clothing, while two of the soldiers were baking, two remaining on board. The convicts returned in good spirits, and one of the guards was forced to the forecastle by their singing. He was seized and disarmed, and the convicts took possession of the brig.

Hoy, Taw, and the soldiers were put ashore with ample provisions, and the "Frederick" put out through Helf's Gate under the command of John Barker, an ex-sailor, elected as captain. John Fife was mate and several of the convicts had been exons. Freedly they succeeded in capturing no pirates along the South American coast, but, after a hazardous voyage, the brig was successfully when they reached Victoria.

Barker (professionally referred to as Barker) proved himself as good a pilot as a mate. He appealed to the Governor, putting forward the falsehood that this he and his shipmates had been caught in a storm and saving the true facts of the escape, it won a permission to sail in the Chiloe province. Many of the escapees married, Barker, his wife, and children being occasional honoured guests of the Governor.

H.M.S. "Blenheim", under Commodore Mason, sailed to take the punter, but the Chilotes drove back the armed boat that pun set for the shore. However, Mason returned again, knowing that a new Governor was not so lenient to the escapees. Barker and three others, realising that the game was surely played out, had negotiated for immunity, offering to build a boat for the Governor. They did, but they escaped as soon as it was finished. The Governor surrendered the others to Mason.

At the trial in England, one of the prisoners raised a legal point. He claimed that, as the "Frederick" had not been completely built, it was not a legal ship, but mainly because, rapes, and raids, therefore, the crime was theft, not piracy. An appeal upheld the point, but they were found guilty on the lesser count and despatched to Port Arthur to spend their days. Barker and his

three mates lived from record.

In addition to Dolan and Kelly, other notable, or notorious, Van Diemen's Land bushrangers either perpetrated or attempted piracy at some stage in their careers. Brady commenced his career of banditry, when, with his other comin, he piracy a whaler-boat at Macquarie Harbour, in June, 1828.

Later in 1828, Brady perpetrated his commanding piracy by setting the "Blancopied Man". When he was forced to abandon that boat, he pirated a sloop, but too weak thwarted his attempt to escape from the colony to the Islands of Juan Fernández, where it was presented, he would have thrown in his lot with the "Innsmouth", a brother, locally connected band of seafarers and seafarers, mainly escaped convicts and deserters, who made the Islands the home of their home.

Early in his career, Mike Howe, also, attempted piracy, presumably in the hope of escape from the colony. In the first pamphlet period in Van Diemen's Land, Howe was referred to as "the last and the want of the bushrangers". There were many to follow his pattern, for he operated in the second decade of the century. One of his first acts on taking in the bush was to sail New Norfolk, where, a month later, he tried to seize the "County", Cachile, the owner, was killed, and O'Hearn, the captain, was wounded while defending the vessel. Other attacks drove off the would-be pirates.

While most of those referred to, and dozens of other unashamed Tasmania pirates ended life at the end of a rope, the old soldier, Cole, was rewarded for his part in the State based episode. He was given a grant of the land, and lived during his old age of his wife Mrs Cole was still living there at least as 1870.



CAESAR'S UNCLE influenced history

Caesar Marcus influenced history by his treachery of his nephew. History also recognises him for another reason

ONCE afternoon over 2000 years ago, a tall, elderly Roman was sitting despondently in a house at Minturnae, in the province of Latium, a large district of which Rome was the centre. But behind the misery the owner of the house deserved defiance and hatred in the Roman's eyes.

For days he had been wandering alone along the marshy coast of Latium, those same Furrina marshes accustomed thousands of years later with a certain human bulldog.

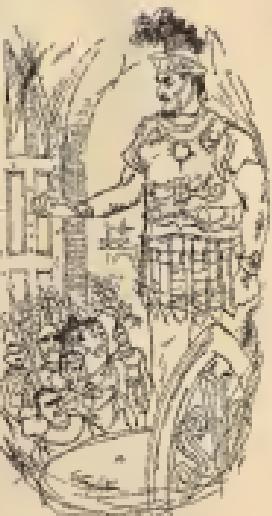
The fugitive's name was Gaius Marcus.

As the afternoon light began to wane into evening Marcus turned to the fisherman who had given him refuge, and said: "The hours, the gods will not allow Gaius Marcus to be killed or captured. Of this I am sure."

The fisherman looked out of the door, and gave a sudden start. Up preceding the house was a soldier, with sword in hand, clearly poised with a lethal intent.

The soldier entered, like an executioner whose mission was to be quick and sure. But Gaius Marcus did not flinch.

The shining blade was turned in the direction of the thick Roman neck. But it paused. Gaius Marcus pulled himself erect, to the full stretch of his six feet of stature, and with blazing, terrible eyes,



SPENCER LEEMING

hypnotised his would-be executioner. "Man, dare you murder Gaius Marcus?" he demanded, in a voice that shook the stone form of the soldier like a tree in the wind.

The soldier (a Gladiol) shrank from his victim's terrible gaze, threw down his sword, and rushed out of the house . . .

Freed of their brave refugee, the inhabitants of Minturnae took compassion on Marcus, and placed him on board a ship for Africa, where he landed in safety at Carthage but not for long.

The Roman governor at Carthage had sent an edict with orders that Marcus must leave the country.

Marcus left the sacred North African city and returned to Italy where, somewhat unexpectedly, he found himself acclaimed, and with his co-patriot Cicero he entered Rome in triumph, as the people's hero. But the patricians or aristocrats frowned and glared.

Then followed one of the most inglorious eras ever known in the Roman City. The guards of Marcus and Cicero glided over the triumphal return to Rome, and to celebrate the occasion they stoned everyone who did not salute. The streets of Rome ran with blood of the noblest Roman aristocracy, and of fools who just stared and failed to raise a hand.

This was the climax—and very nearly the end of the career of Gaius Marcus, a man of remarkable quality who deserved a special niche in the hall of fame.

He was born in a village near Arpino, Italy, in 186 B.C., of obscure parents. His father was a small farmer. Arpino could be doubtless proud, because the great Cicero also was born in that village.

Rome at that time had conquered the known world, and her legions were everywhere, governing and quelling at the point of the sword.

Beginning life as a ploughboy, Marcus was soon measured with the glamour of soldiering, and at the

age of 21 he was fighting in Spain under the invincible Roman general and general Scipio Africanus, whose good opinion he won, so much so that Scipio presented him to be an officer. For a pick to become that was a very rare thing in the Roman Empire.

Though remaining a soldier at heart, and in fact Marcus began to cast covetous eyes on politics. He was shrewd and ambitious, and he saw many chinks in the Roman political armour which might provide him with his chance.

When 38 he was elected tribune of the plebs—the people's party. That was the first rung on the ladder of political power.

A year or two later he married Julia, a lady of patrician rank, sister of Gaius Julius Caesar, who was the father of the great dictator of Rome and the world.

The morning called Marcus from the highest circles. Yet, being a man of grace and simple ways, and a pick by birth, he remained a great favorite with the people. They regarded him as one of themselves.

Immediately following his marriage he was elected praetor. But Marcus did not remain long a politician. The bickering Roman Senate was writhing with trouble which the world could suppose. Marcus was a soldier first, and a diplomat second.

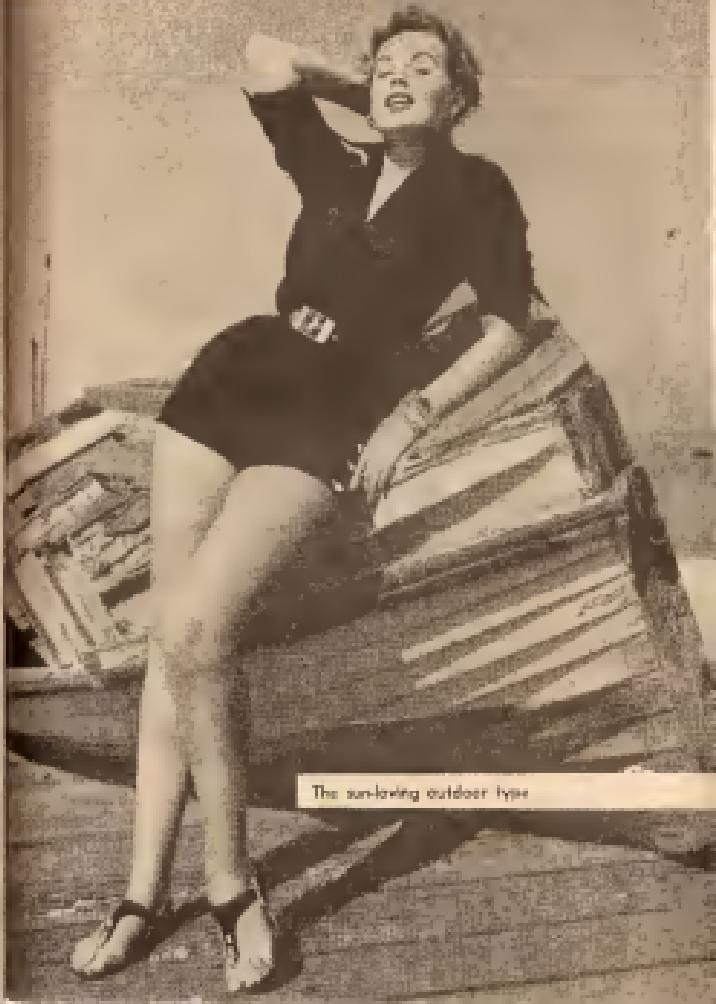
First, he was dispatched to Spain to check marching raids of a band of wild tribes.

Then Marcus turned to subdue Africa where, under Quintus Metellus, he made war on one of the fellow countrymen, Jugurtha by name, who had become a despot and a traitor to Rome. Again Marcus triumphed, captured Jugurtha, and escorted him to Rome, where the traitor was thrown into a dungeon

Patterns of Pulchritude



The exotic indoor type



The sun-loving outdoor type



Indoor or outdoor,
it's the same to her.



"Let's get this over
I want to swim."

PRIORITY FOR JUSTICE

Nothing could come between Sam Boardman and his vengeance — nothing but a little thing called murder!

FLETCHER FLORA



HE walked past the elevators to the stairs because he was going only three flights up, and he found at the last minute that he wanted to postpone his arrival as long as possible. On the third floor, in front of the frosted glass that bore the gold leaf name of Julius Kassel, Attorney-at-Law, he stopped to tighten a cigarrette. He pulled smoke deep into his lungs, telling himself that everything would be all right, that everything would work out in the end. Then he opened the door and stepped inside.

A blinding acceptance looked at him with cool blue eyes in harlequin frames. Glaucous under glass, he thought, moving over to her desk.

Keeping something back for after hours.

"I am Sam Boardman," he said. "I have an appointment with Mr. Kassel."

"Oh, you." She brought the words up from the warm, mistic depths of her voice. "Mr. Kassel's expecting you. You're to go right in."

She got up to open Kassel's private door for him, and he remained in an impressionist sort of way the ethereal waste of keeping her behind a desk. Passing her, he caught the elusive scent of her perfume and found it vaguely disturbing.

"Here's Mr. Boardman, Mr. Kassel," she said.

As the door closed softly behind him, he looked across the room at the man who was rising from behind his desk to meet him. The inspection was slightly disappointing. He didn't know what he had expected of Kassel, but it was something more than that grey, spidery man with a dark, bloodless face staring women like a hawk. As Kassel came closer, Boardman saw that the skin of the face was dry as parchment, covered with a complex network of tiny creases. So, he thought, this is Julius Kassel. The great Julius Kassel. The best trial lawyer since Dumas, without Dumas' handicap of athen. He considered it interesting that Kassel's voice was the oral expression of his face, like the dry reading of old paper.

"How are you, Mr. Boardman? Do you know Mr. Walker?"

Boardman said he didn't, which wasn't quite true. Everyone knew George Walker by reputation, just as everyone knew Julius Kassel just as everyone knew Chester Balha, who employed them both, who even now, in the shadow of the day police, was the detective force behind their actions. Tall and fat and cold as steel, that was George Walker. A killer by trade and pose. He looked at Boardman and nodded. His eyes were sleepy.

Boardman felt thin rubber giving gently beneath him. He hung his hat on one knee and watched Kassel remove his chair behind the desk. The grey hair lawyer leaned back, his legs slipping at a time their own weight over his tired eyes.

"On the telephone, you said you have something to communicate which is of importance to the welfare of my client."

"Yes. To Chester Balha, that is."

"We appreciate your interest, of course. However, Mr. Balha's welfare

is pretty well under control."

"He's in jail. Indicted for murder."

The heavy lids and the thin shoulders moved in unison, as if Kassel were dragging himself across.

"The Detroit Attorney has over-exceeded himself. There's what evidence does to you. He had nothing but the direct, kind of circumstantial evidence. He'll never get a conviction on that kind of stuff." Kassel permitted whisper of a smile brighter to stir past his lips. "Right now, he's waiting while his indictment had never been returned."

Boardman liked his gaze, staring calmly beyond the lawyer in a Gauguin print on the wall. The vivid splash of color seemed strangely incongruous as background for the man at the desk. He wondered if it represented the vicarious release of the lawyer's soul, the framed symbol of freedom in a man chained to a success long gone dead and lost.

"If he had new evidence, it might change the prospect," Boardman said.

"That would depend on the nature of the evidence."

Boardman kept his eyes on the Gauguin, but now he looked through it into the dark second story hall of the house where he had a room, just as he had looked into the hall through the crack of his door the morning Asdrubal Harper was killed.

ARCHEE and Boardman had been friends for a long time. It was a friendship that went back to summer days and fishing, picnics and the bright dreams of kids. Most of the dreams had passed, but not the friendship. It had survived depression and war and all man years.

There had been a time, after an accident, when Boardman had spent weeks in a hospital. It was a time

when he could not ached it, and Arthur had paid the freight. He'd paid it gladly, at great sacrifice, as the privilege of a friend. Now Arthur was dead, but the friendship was not. Neither the friendship nor the shippings and pretences that were Boardman's alone.

Arthur had died a coincidence, unless even the small dual dignity of intent. He'd stepped out of the bathroom at the end of the hall just as the skin they had known in the house as Smith had stepped into the hall from his room. It was unfortunate that Arthur was in the line of fire. The story of lead that cut down Smith had cut Arthur, too. It was reprehensible, of course, but unavoidable.

They'd learned, after the police came, that Smith's real name was Chapman. That Chet Dallas had been looking for him to clean up an item of unfinished business. But only Boardman, who had known Arthur's friend, had seen the shadowy Agent emerge from the outside beyond the limit of the trees. Only Boardman remembered the armed bear of Chet Dallas above spouting flame. It must have been some business, to make Dallas think it personally. Some deep important whitewash to a man's sense of pride.

In his chair, Boardman shifted his weight, murmuring the words. "I was thinking of an opossum," he said.

For a moment no one moved. The tropical splash on the wall seemed to gather light, pinking with hidden, conscious life. The bright colors beat Boardman's eyes, and he looked away.

"If the District Attorney were keeping a witness under wraps, I'd know about it," Klemml said.

"Sam," Boardman felt a wrenching tug of impatience, suddenly anxious to have it in the open, "I didn't say the District Attorney had

been under wraps. I didn't say anyone had been."

The dry voice of German Waller took it up. "You sound like a guy with something to sell. Maybe you'd better talk straight."

"Okay. I live in the house where Chapman and Harper were killed. I had planned to go into the bathroom that morning I got as far as a crack in the door. It was far enough to see what happened."

"That doesn't mean anything, unless you are who made it happen."

"I am that, too. Party."

"Fugget! That's an interesting word to be interesting."

"I saw the face of Chet Dallas. There were two other men. I don't know who they were. I didn't get a good look at them."

There was a tangible easing of tension in Waller's attitude. A man and gradual relaxation. "That's all too bad," he said.

Klemml selected a cigar from a humidor and went through the precise business of clipping and lighting it. The thick, aromatic smoke of rich tobacco drifted hazy from his thin lips.

"The police would have talked to you. They talked to everyone in the house. Why didn't you tell them what you saw?"

"Maybe I figured it wasn't healthy."

"Nonsense. They'd have given you protection."

"For the rest of my life?"

Klemml's eyes flicked up, following the drift of smoke. "That's a pose. See you're not making sense. Coming home like this, I mean. A frightened man keeps quiet. Why put the finger on yourself?"

Boardman shrugged. "I was just suggesting a possibility. Actually, I don't frightened so easily. The truth is, the police don't have anything to offer but a merit badge for good

citizenship. Do you get what I mean?"

Waller's hard laugh cut across the exchange. "Like I said, something to sell. A smart operator shooting angles."

Klemml made a soft gesture for silence. "No call for personalities. German. Mr. Boardman has apparently come here with a proposition. I think it's only fair to have him listen."

"They're simple," Boardman said himself. "A small spot somewhere in the organization for steady income. A bonus in cash. Say ten grand."

"No return for effort? Not an accountable. Payable when?"

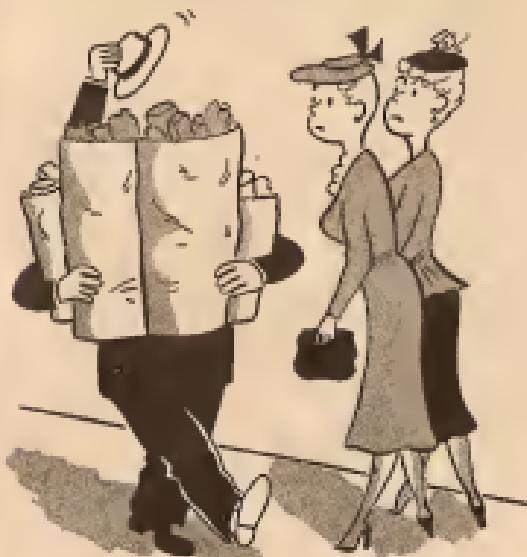
"After the acquisition," replied Sam. "You realize that Mr. Dallas is the object in these moneys."

"Horn, I think it'll have a good deal."

A black little smile crawled across Klemml's lips. "I think so, too," he said. "In the meantime, between now and the acquisition, suppose you consider yourself our guest. Just to protect you from further molestation by the police, let's say."

Carsten Waller stood, stretching like a lion cat. His pale eyes, measuring Boardman, seemed to speculate on future pleasure, probably dazed.

"What do we keep the guy?"



"I thank Mr. Boardman might enjoy the lodge. It's comfortable there, even this time of year it would be wise, I feel. Carson, if you were so run him up straight, you will continue to keep him company, of course."

"Glad to be the lodger, she went up when Chet was heralded in."

"So she is. Well, so much the better. A woman as beautiful as June is always a pleasant companion."

Boardman got his feet under him and slumped his big body. There was a bad hand around his heart, a clot somewhere in his respiratory system past which the air moved with pain and difficulty. Beneath the euphemism, he recognized the reality of his impairment. Not that was to be expected. The beginning was bad, and maybe the ending would go along to set.

"I have no violent strains," he said. "No change of clothing."

Boardman observed the deficiency with a gesture. "You'll find the lodge well supplied. Anything lacking can be sent up to you."

Boardman grunted and said dryly, "Thanks. Thanks very much."

He clamped the keeper's dry hand and crossed the outer office ahead of Waller. The blonde receptionist walked them filly through historic frames. Captain on the sideboard, Boardman looked at his watch and saw it was after five o'clock. The winter's day was already fading in early dusk, and here and there along the street the lights were coming up.

Waller indicated a green Reading-room at the back, and Boardman crossed in. He lay back with his head against the upholstery, closing his eyes, lulled by the drive of the powerful engine, his tired body induced by the cold motion of the big chair. Occasionally he opened

his eyes briefly to catch the haloed optic bush of light beyond the window. After a while he opened them to darkness and realized that they had left the city behind them.

He tried to keep his mind blank, to let sleep creep into vacancy, but he kept seeing the end of Arctic Harper in that dreary hall. Arctic turning from the bathroom door with an expression of almost ludicrous surprise on his good, round face when the first shot cracked. The agony and bewilderment when the cold water rook him. The slow collapse. His body lolling away from the door and down, his fingers clutching his bloody noddle. An accident. A guy who just happened to be around. You couldn't even send him to the official killing room.

THE murder, Boardman felt, had laid upon him a dual obligation. Not just vengeance for Arctic Venegard also, even primarily, for himself. Vengeance for the savage violation of the integral elements of his own personality. His conception had become a little warped. Perhaps a little mad.

Behind Boardman's lowered lids, the familiar red fire舞ed across his eyeballs and flickered rage hot at his chest. He lay back quickly beside Waller, waiting for the blow to land.

After a long time, he slept. When he awoke, the clock on the dash was almost two hours past midnight. A moon had risen, lighting the mass of ancient formations and the black, naked gathering of scrub oaks. They were driving through the incredibly ancient remains of Paleozoic country that had lifted rugged peaks out of ocean floors years ago.

Now, the peaks were dead, rotted, bones, hills, old even by the measure of geological time. Old. Board-

man thought, even by the measure of evil, which is, after all, a human concept and an infant at that. He closed his eyes again and did not open them until the Boardmaster turned suddenly, made a sharp, rough click that sounded great, and came to an abrupt halt.

The lodge was long and low, constructed of brown logs, clinging to the side of the hill like an underground growth. They went up across a porch that spanned the entire front of the structure and from which the screens had been removed for the winter. Waller's knuckles made little impression on the thick oak door, and he hammered with the butt of his automatic until they heard the rattle of the lock within. The door swung open to reveal a short, blonde woman in blue with blonde hair, her grey hair was twisted tightly in curlers. Waller was faced down her eyes at the surprised Waller's blonde face.

"Oh," she said, "it's you."

Waller laughed, moving in. "Thanks for the welcome, Annie. You've got great couple of men to have things up. Where's Kate?"

"She had. Where she would be this time of night?"

"It's now thirty, is that late for Kate?"

"In these hills, it's late. I suppose you'll want a drink. What do you do, everything's in the kitchen."

"Thanks, honey." Waller turned to Boardman. His pale eyes blinks. "How about you?" And Boardman was aware with a small note of apprehension that they had ridden together almost all night without exchanging a word.

"No," he said. "No, thanks. I'd like to get to bed."

Waller turned away. "Annie'll show you where."

The room was large and warm, and the bed was soft. Boardman

found clean pyjamas at the closet and trying them on discovered that they were a near fit. Skipping the minor routine preliminary to undressing, he slipped between blankets and fell the luxurious mattress adjust itself to the contours of his body. His nap in the Boardmaster had done little to allay the exhaustion that had been coming into his bones for days, and his mind, relaxing, drifted from暮to darkness almost immediately.

He awoke late the next morning, snapping abruptly out of sleep to consciousness of his environment. Reaching, he found that one of the three doors in his room opened into a private bath. In the medicine cabinet, he found the necessary supplies for a toilet, including a toothbrush still in its protective case. He showered and shaved and dried the brush, wondering how much Chet Bullis took in the power plant and the pumps that were what made the place tick.

In the living room, Carson Waller was on his back in an easy chair beside a fireplace of natural stone. He glanced briefly at Boardman and returned without speaking to a nearby trayful of his polished sherry. Against the wall beside the fireplace was a huge radiophotograph combination. A woman was leaning against the cabinet, staring down upon a spinning platter that sent the many stamps of a roulette wheel through the room.

She was wearing a red seductive sweater tucked just black. Skirted shorts. Red stockings were on her feet. Her mouth was painted the same color as the sweater. Her hair was black, pulled back into a knot on her neck, and it highlighted in its highlights a foolish braiding ritual. The woman glanced at Boardman and shifted the glasses to Waller, waiting for an introduction. When

it didn't count, she said. "I've been Admire. There's trouble in the kitchen."

Baumrind nodded. "I've heard rum. Sam Baumrind thinks."

He moved into the kitchen and found the woman called Annie. Not afraid, but careful enough, she supplied him with coffee, eggs and bacon. He was hungry and ate heartily, lapping over the coffee and a couple of cigarettes. He noticed after a while that there was a glass-enclosed porch beyond the kitchen. Cracking the fire of his second cigarette in his snuff, he got up and went out.

The porch was a kind of supply room for hunting and fishing equipment. A variety of fly rods, larger game and all kinds of tackle. On rods on one wall was a selection of guns. Baumrind went over and lifted one down. Automatic shotgun, 12 gauge and a beauty, perfectly balanced. He ran a hand along the shiny stock and lifted it to his shoulder, sighting through the glass.

"Thinking to do some hunting?"

King Austin closed the kitchen door behind her, leaning against it. Her breast rose against the red curtain, and Baumrind gave her palms for answer, even in the muted, faint light of the porch. He found a grin on to his lips and replaced the shotgun.

"You just lucky fingers."

"You like guns?"

"I used to like them."

"If you want to cry it sometime, there are shells in the drawer of the chest there."

"Thanks. Myrtle loves."

The dog dug a cigarette out of her pocket, and he stepped forward to strike a light. The smell of her was blotted by tobacco smoke, and he coughed in a huff.

"You're the guy who just walked in and put the boys on a

spot," she said. "You're got either a surplus of guns or a deficiency of brains. Which?"

He shrugged. "Make a choice."

She backed away and let it drift out. "When I heard it from Carson, I went for stupid. Now I'm not sure."

"I've got a marketable item. What's wrong with selling it?"

"Erica. What's wrong?"

SHE went past him to the glass and stood staring out. Behind her he admired the way her waist pinched in, her hips swelling just so. "You lived in the house where it happened?"

"That's right."

"You know the guy who was killed?"

"We called him Dutch. His name was Chapman. That's all I know."

"I don't mean him. The other one!"

He remained quiet for a time, fighting the familiar reaction, masking the truth behind the casual ban. Until he saw her head turn slightly, waiting to catch his answer.

"We passed on the stairs. Sometimes we waited for each other on opposite sides of the bathroom door. You know how it is in a house like that. Just people."

"You saw it happen?"

"I could I have a marketplace here."

"You must be a pretty cool calculating. Not getting robin. Not talking. Not caring if Chet pays."

"Fay? Fay who, honey? Harper. He's the only one who has any pay coming and he's dead."

She was silent, red and black again cold crystal. Finally she laughed, and there was something in the laugh, something bitter in the sponge, that were beyond Archie Harper and beyond Baumrind, back through a lot of nice things that had happened.

YOUR FORD DEALER SAYS :
"Take these keys
and Test-Drive . . .
and you'll know

YOUR BEST BUY IS FORD-BUILT

No matter whether it's a car, utility, truck or tractor, Ford means most for your money. You get the finest features first from Ford . . . you buy at lower prices . . . and your Ford Dealer's specialized factory-trained service, lets you maintain your Ford-built vehicle in tip-top condition at minimum cost.



THIS IS THE FORD-BUILT
RANGE OF VALUE LEADERS

- Ford 95 De Luxe Sedan
- De Luxe Sedan (below)
- Crestline, 19-69 h.p. Sedan
- Prefect 18 h.p. Sedan
- Anglia 16 h.p. Sedan
- Ford 20 Halaford Coupe Utility
- Ford 10 h.p. Utility
- Ford 10-12 Van
- Ford 10-12 Trucks — 10 cwt. to 8 tons
- Fordson Major Tractor — Diesel or Gasoline

Look for the FORD 1950 as one of the 42 leaders in the nation with weekly broadcasts.

"Nice logic," she said. "I've used variations of it myself."

She moved abruptly, moving with a smooth swishing of long legs to the end of the porch, where she stood looking out and down the hill toward the front.

"There's a stream down there," she said. "Maybe you remember crossing the bridge when you came in last night. It's clear at a corner and runs very steadily. In the winter it freezes only a little along the edges, it runs so swiftly. You took into it, and the bottom comes right up to meet your eyes. You think it's shallow, so you step in, and it's over your head. It's loaded with trout. You ever fished for trout?"

"No."

"The trout is a beautiful fish. It should not be killed to fill a belly."

He wondered what was behind it. The poetry about a woman. The human of the trout and killing. A kind of loneliness, maybe? Regret hiding in the behind a prostitute's smile?

"I promise never to kill a trout," he said lightly.

She turned, smiling at him briefly across the porch, and for an instant there was an expression in her eyes he couldn't identify. He thought it might be concern.

"I'm not proselytizing," she said. "Maybe I'm just bored. A woman takes too much when she's bored."

He watched her walk back through the kitchen. After a moment, he followed her into the house. In the living room, he found her beside the fireplace again. Weller, still on his couch beside the fireplace, kicked his pale eyes from her to Boardman, a glint of amusement gathering in their shallow pupils. Boardman pretended not to notice. He chose a cigarette and a chair and sat oily, turning pages, feeling between him and the economist. Weller

a line of emotion that seemed to vibrate with the beating of their hearts. He wants to kill me, he thought. Even with Kate Adrien in the house, it's the greatest pleasure he can think of.

In the end, that atmosphere of tension, of anxiety rising to a head, permeated the house and influenced all activity. A kind of racing became almost reflexive, designed to maintain a delicate status quo. Weller spent most of his time in the chair by the fireplace. Only his eyes were alert, behind slitted lids. He was a man waiting for an orgasm. Kate Adrien was restless and took it out in dancing. Once she asked Boardman to dance, and he did. The experience was too unusual for the end it might be exposed to much, so they didn't try it again. In the end, the trial of Oscar Dallas got under way. Twice a day, the radio was turned on for newscasts.

From the beginning, the end of the trial was apparent. The District Attorney's desperate contrivance was徒劳 for a case like Kinnard. He sent it up in a muddle. But they followed the formula, kept up the show, and after four days handed it to the jury. The jury wanted to go home and handed it right back, going at a few hours for appearance. Oscar Dallas was free and Kinnard had another one for the record. When the new case over, Boardman closed his eyes and pictured the treacher at the verdict, triumph nullified by a grey weakness that could not repress at all.

"There it is," Kate Adrien said. "Now, they call it."

Boardman opened his eyes to find Weller on his face. "They'll be up tonight," the blonde killer said. "Oscar and Kinnard. Well, close things up and get back to town." He consulted his watch. "It's early. About ten, they ought to be here."

THIS 144-PAGE BOOK FREE! TO AMBITIOUS ENGINEERS

WHO WANT £30 A WEEK — OR MORE
OPPORTUNITIES YOU MAY BE MISSING!

An hour spent with this remarkable book may be worth thousands of pounds a year to you. In clear, simple language, it tells how you can be prepared for the position you want—along the kind of work you like best. Forget about your experience or education—there are plenty of real opportunities for YOU! "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" shows you where they are and how to grasp them, and outlines a superb range of Home Study Courses to prepare you for that job you could really not your heart into.

HOW TO GET ON AND EARN MORE MONEY

IN ANY BRANCH OF ENGINEERING



Recommended by
Engineering Firms
Manufacturing Firms
Educational Institutions
Skill Firms
Engineering Firms
British Gas
Telecommunications
Production Units
Security Firms
Engineering
Surveyors
Building Contractors
Builders, etc., etc.

If you're looking to find out how we can help you develop fast on the chosen which branch of Engineering interests you, however you end in a day or so, this remarkable book will be a great help—144 pages of valuable information and an exciting plan for your future success. Post the coupon now for your copy—FREE and without obligation.

POST COUPON NOW!

To: M.R.T. MACDONELL HOUSE, 321 FIFTH ST. SPONTRY
Please send "Engineering Opportunities" —FREE and without obligation.

NAME
ADDRESS

Subject best interest
Occupation

Age



THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF
ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY

THE LEADING INSTITUTE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

During the rounds, it had been known free and easy. Now it was different. Closed up and locked tight.

After a while, the said, "We had a way of saying thanks for saying!"

"It was a way of fading out what they meant. Now I know, maybe you'd better go up ahead of me. I'll be along."

He let her go, going her long ten minutes home, in his room, he turned on a lamp beside his bed and lay down. He lay there for a long time perfectly still, trying not to think, trying to reduce by immobility the hypomania of his heart, and when the woman Anna came to call him to dinner, he pretended that he was asleep and did not hear.

Then he awoke here slept in reality, because his eyes were suddenly wide open, and he was aware that it was after ten o'clock. He thought that he must have been awakened by a sound, and after seconds he heard it again—here, here on the drive coming up the steep hill from the road.

He got up quickly and went into the bushes, splashing his face and the back of his neck with cold water. When he went out of his room, he saw Waller and Kate Acton standing at the open front door like a waiting committee. Their backs were turned. Neither saw him as he went on through the living room, through the dark kitchen, on to the porch at the rear. In darkness, he lifted down the 18-gauge sarcophagus and loaded it with shells from the chest. Then he went over to the kitchen door, cracked it open, and wound quietly.

He could hear voices in the living room—Kane's, Waller's, Kane's, and a fourth which had to belong to Dallas. Pushing the door open, he moved inside and stood beside the kitchen table. The voices were more

distant now. From his position, he could see a table supporting glasses and bottles. Waller moved into sight and bent above the table. Boardman continued to wait until drinks were mixed and distributed, then he raised the shotgun to the horizontal and walked into the living room.

Kane and Kate saw him first. Boardman's glass, as he was to his lips, stopped sharply, and there was the human size in the wood mask of his face. Kate was there, her glass held unbroken at the level of her breast. Waller stood silent, just accessible to the corner of Boardman's eye. It was the fourth man, Dallas, who drew focus of Boardman's attention. The pain, turned on him slowly, was not rendered by the writhings of suffice cushion, as it had been when Boardman was in law. It was quiet, insatiable, held in its purpose, held in its place. The eyes were dark, almost black, a little starting under hair going white. He looked familiar with a glint in his hand. Maybe he had dachshund.

Boardman said, "We haven't been introduced. My name's Boardman. I was a friend of Archie Blaupart."

Dallas lifted his glass and tilted it. "Oh, yes. You're the guy with a dachshund. I've got that spot waiting for you. Also the bonus."

Boardman moved the shotgun, pulling the edge of the rock up tight under his armpit. "That's right, I guess. Neither you nor I believe it. The only place you've got for me is Carrion Waller in a lonely spot."

Dallas' dark eyes wavered, dropping to the shotgun. He tilted his glass again, quickly. "If I had figured it that way, why all this horse-porn? You could have indecided and had it over with."

"I could have," Boardman paused,

If you are a martyr to any Rheumatic Complaint

LUMBAGO, SCIATICA,
RHEUMATISM, FIBROSIS, NEURITIS

MALGIC ADRENALIN CREAM

WILL BRING YOU THE SAME AMAZING AND QUICK RELIEF IT HAS GIVEN TO THOUSANDS OF FORMER SUFFERERS IN ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA

CRIPPLED FOR FOUR YEARS WITH RHEUMATISM NOW WALKS WITHOUT STICK

"...I feel as happy after suffering for years with rheumatism in my back...I am now able to work without a stick after using your Malgic Cream...I feel fit," writes Mrs. E. G. Gladden, 47, of Chipping, St. Stevens. "I am 70 years old and have told my friends the wonder your Malgic Cream has done for me."

Are you suffering from aggravated pains of rheumatism, rheumatism, neuralgia? Stop using Malgic Adrenalin Cream at once. See how fast it relieves you from that awful pain and misery.

Until recently, Malgic Adrenalin Cream was restricted to the British medical profession

and only. You can now buy it from any chemist. With every jar comes an easy-to-follow home treatment plan which shows you the "weakness" of your body where the real root of your rheumatism lies. You simply "massage" the Malgic Cream into the various "weak" spots as well as into the places where you feel the pain. Even if you have rheumatism aggravated through years of inactivity, even if you have tried other remedies in vain, use the Malgic Adrenalin Cream—immediately without a doctor's delay. Silence the ritual that so many thousands of other men and women now carry. Be happy in a new lease of life!

ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC DISCOVERIES OF MODERN TIMES!

Available from Doctors only

MDA 50

shouting with rage the words he had been waiting to say. "If I had, you'd have been convicted and executed. It ain't even right, having someone who have the prestige of telling you. Like I said, I was a friend of Angie Harper's. It seemed to me a friend ought to have privacy."

Howard registered in his eyes' corner, and he raised the shotgun, the electric impulse lashing his fingers. The thunder of the detonation was muffled and became bark upon bark by the heavy walls. Waller, his shirt shredded by the charge, was dead going down.

After the first spasm of shocked reaction, no one else moved. Kate Astor's hand was still raised to the level of her breast, but the glow was no longer in it. Crashed by a reflex, it lay in fragility at her feet in a spreading wet spot. Blood seeped from her fingers and dropped.

"You're too close to Dallas," Howard said. "I can't control the natives."

She shook her head, lips moving wordlessly in her still face, and he said harshly, "Move away."

Again she shook her head, muttering, this time, to someone sound for her weeping lips. Across the room, Beauchamp barely heard it. "No. Not for a guy playing God. Like Ghet Like Carnan. I've seen too much of it. It makes me sick."

Again she shook her head, muttering, this time, to someone sound for her weeping lips. Across the room, Beauchamp barely heard it. "No. Not for a guy playing God. Like Ghet Like Carnan. I've seen too much of it. It makes me sick." She paused, looking across the room at him, and partly was she said, "For a guy who wanted to let the

lie go in work, I'd move. For a guy like that, I'd move a long way for a long time. There's still the murder of the one named Harper, Sam."

"Sam," he said. "So what do I say when the district attorney asks me where I've been all this time?"

"You make a mistake. You've changed your mind. He's looking for a witness. He'll feel generous."

Howard got into his eyes, seeping through into his voice. "You're Dallas's girl. You've been his girl for a long time. You change like us."

"Maybe not like us. Maybe we're growing. And by now it's too late. You make up your mind about that?"

There was nothing in her eyes but a look of quiet warning, and for a moment he felt the rise of compulsion in his finger. Then the compulsion relaxed, and he heard his own voice, strongly literated, saying, "Get a coat. We'll borrow the Roadster."

His eyes moved, anticipating the thin grey face of Julian Karsell. "Karsell will go with us. The District Attorney will be interested in him, too. Bringin' a witness, I guess you'd call it."

Strangely, the lawyer seemed to be filled with the same sense of private acceptance, as if the brutal drama meant as much to him than release from an inkyblack commitment.

His bloodless lips moved faintly. "The at your disposal," he said.

INTEREST — the very Source of Energy

The Pelman Course increases interest-power. Interest makes life purposeful and quickens the metabolism. It develops the real person, the energy and movement, of what engages our minds, and so keeps us alert and responsive in any circumstances and in any company.

Thus, apart from its subject, interest brightens the personality. It is a continuous stream of influences, and may at any time affect the fungible attention of others whose good opinion will be helpful to us. For it can be truthfully said that the world is looking everywhere for the energy which interest-power creates and sustains.

Pelmanism increases interest-power

Interest-power may be the cause or the effect of other qualities which Pelmanism sets out to develop in the individual pupil. These qualities are:

Self-Confidence	Judgment	Social Ease
Concentrability	Will-Power	Initiative
Decisiveness	Self-Control	Observation
and a Half-First Manner		

The Executive creates good habits of word and memory in place of garrulity and slovenly talk, and trees, the colonists and subcolonists so that every faculty will contribute its share in making a good performance of anything that has to be done.

"THE PELMANIST MIND" describes, in detail, the Pelman Course, gives an account of its application to the Pelman Institute, 10 Worcester Road, 10, Victoria Park, Melbourne, all royalties are reserved as exclusive. The Institute has no outside representation.

New Zealand Distributor
The Pelman Institute,
with the approval of the
Institute, will make
arrangements to adapt the
method, materials and
method of work of the
Pelman Course of training
young people to work
in the field, especially in the
Pelman Institute,
Melbourne.

TO THE PELMAN INSTITUTE

10 Worcester Road, 10 Victoria Park, Melbourne
Please send me, post and pay free, a copy of
"The Student Mind."

Name
Address
Post

If you'd taken
SCHUMANN'S this morning
you'd be feeling much better now!

It is always best to make sure before making assumptions. In other words, never go off half-cocked. A solicitor arrived at the headquarters of the Dutch airline K.L.M., where that a woman claim had instructed him to sue for damages on the grounds of negligence. She claimed the Constitution in which she had crossed the Atlantic had used two engines, instead of four. K.L.M. investigated and decided that the passenger had indeed cut on one side only and had failed to notice that there was also a wing and two engines on the other side. They sent a photograph of the Constellation in flight as evidence. The airline received an apology from the solicitor. It is not reported what the woman said when she discovered her mistake. Nor is it reported what the solicitor said to her, but she will look both ways before crossing next time.

what it could be. He only knew that at length his mouth was parched, his stomach aching for food, and his body trembling from head to foot.

As the hands on both their watches touched five o'clock, the lights went

out. There was an instant of complete silence while neither of them breathed. Then a slit of light appeared in the far wall as the door began to swing back. Just a slit which vanished as the light behind it went out.

Martin turned himself for a spring, cracked through the darkness for the vanished glow. He leaped forward, collided with a heavy body, flung his arms outward in wild spasms. Behind him came Bryant, fighting desperately forward.

The pair pressed ahead for a moment or two, while great, stonelike arms tried to restrain them. With a grunting bellow they were flung back, while the base of a flashlight beam momentarily Martin heard a paradoxical snap advancing toward him, plucked back against the nearest wall, side by side with his companion.

Again the black red of death leaped from behind the light, came up at him like a thunderclap, snarled and snatched from the back of his head.

Rough hands woke him next. He weakly opened his eyes as his aching head in fled the room again abiding with light. The figure that had been shaking him raw, stepped back, fumbled a gun. Martin glanced at it through bleared eyes. It was nothing extra ordinary. Just a man in a blue serge uniform suit—buttoned and armed. Painfully, Martin got to his feet, stood swaying. The only think he could think to do was to look at his watch. His hands showed six o'clock.

"Do you know where you are?" The words came thickly through the mask, torso muffled by layers of cloth. As

it spoke the figure with the gun turned, backed slightly, toward the front door.

Martin still gripped the wall, remained there breathing with difficulty. He looked up, grunted.

"Might you like to tell me?" he grunted.

The figure chuckled. The sound of the gun moved into line with Martin's mask.

"Why not? No harm in telling you now. Too bad for you to do anything about it." The figure paused. "You're twenty years above ground, in a concrete showroom. In precisely what building in none of your business. The walls of this room are too far thick. Beyond it are others — and other men. Escape is impossible. No one can hear you. There is no one who knows you are here."

Martin cracked his head. The strange impatience again. In the absolute silence, was it sound, smell — or what? He couldn't think.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked slowly.

"For the present, nothing. You'll be fed, of course. Later—another blow to the head, possibly fatal this time."

Martin leaped. Every ounce of power in an almost insensate body was behind it. He was weak, anaemic, but at that leap was the strength of desperation.

The gun fired, case, ruler. Both bullet were wild. A third hit the light bulb. Then Martin's hands were smashing against the figure's chest. An instant later he had flung open the door, closed and locked it behind him, snatched at the light and dashed down a long passage. At its end was an ordinary door. Thrashing he laid his hand on the knob, pulled it opened him.

The soft glow of evening fell past the flight of steps that led from the basement in which he had been imprisoned and hidden his apparent fate. Then swifly and rubbing his

Has Smoking Habit Got You DOWN?



SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

People you know probably try much, and often, to quit the habit, but can't. Then comes the doctor. Why not consider this: If you quit, you'll be strong, healthy, and you'll have more energy, you'll have, at last, the satisfaction about it.

IS SMOKING PLAYING UP WITH YOUR HEALTH?

Recent complaints over author the Senator, Walter Block, indicated an epiphany in cigarette tobacco control. Cigarette smoking, investigations prove, the possible harmful effects of NICOTINE.

HAVE YOU CIGARETTE-ITISP?

Mr. Walter Block, author of author the Senator, Walter Block, indicated an epiphany in cigarette tobacco control. Cigarette smoking, investigations prove, the possible harmful effects of NICOTINE.

FREE BOOKLET

Write today for booklet on "How to Stop Smoking," with details of what to do and special Application form, including name, address and two stamps for postage. Every reader should read this.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

JACK ELWOOD, Dept. C9/4
Box 2444, G.P.O., Sydney.

If you'd taken Schumann's* this morning,
you'd be feeling much better now!

* Schumann's Milder Spicy Sels

Nobody ever got the better of Judge Ray Bear, although one convicted criminal is out from his Jersey City courtroom in Longby, Texas. Hunking he had done in Tom Wunder, caught red-handed with a printing press and a stock of counterfeit dollars, was gaoled, but managed to wrangle his freedom by slipping five hundred dollars to the right party. Not until the guilty man was well out of the state did the anguished juror examine the books and realize that he himself was a victim of the counterfeiter. But he did not live by it. By Judge Bear's judicial order of that week, the only legal tender acceptable in Longby was counterfeited money!

The **WHEELS** of
MAN'S STORY
CONTEST
ARE SPINNING!

From thousands of entries to the International MAN'S STORY CONTEST, the editors of **MAN** have selected the four winning stories.

Now, the four men, the **WHEELS** of the contest, are coming to the **MAN** office to receive their prizes. These young students have received their well-deserved personal training in the **WHEELS** of **MAN**, and now they'll get a preview of the **WHEELS** of **WORLD**!

"DEATH WAS MY SKIPPER!"

A dramatic story of human sacrifice as seen in our sea here and now. You can't afford to miss the rest of adventure or not ORDER YOUR COPY OF

MAN

FOR SEPTEMBER, NOW 25¢

CAVALCADE September 1954

head. Martin walked up the steps, emerged onto a well-kept and busy street corner in a residential neighborhood and hauled a load. Nearing the door by a click in a voice which he was hurryng downtown to make an appointment he had almost missed.

That evening at his and Bryant's club, Martin surveyed the circle of men who sat about the large table in one of the establishment's famous private chambers.

They were his partners now, he reflected, the better or worse, in a giant enterprise created just in time to save him from sure ruin. All present: Jackson, the city's greatest banker; Stephen, wealthy industrialist Bryant, his own business partner who had apparently managed to escape from an adjoining cell shortly after Martin escaped from his in the original cell; Goldwater, unusual research chemist; Schroeder, brilliant pathologist; and Powers, last known of the group, mysterious, supplied with money no one knew where from.

Martin lit a cigarette, looked an ask from his legal. For some moments now the assembled company had been waiting for him to speak.

Schroeder poured himself a glass of water from the carafe on the table. "Well?" he demanded, abruptly.

"Someone in this room is a criminal, a 'kidnapper,'" Martin's eyes shifted purposefully about the circle of men. "Bryant and I were removed to keep us from agreeing that contract. It has to be one of us. For only in this group could abide the necessary motives."

"It's very simple, really. Bryant and I were dugged from the back seat of the car. We woke up in the place we told you about. It was a very silent place. The man who kidnapped us told me that the room was twenty stories above the ground. That was merely a lie. The walls were deep, not wet, but damp enough to have to be located underground. Although nothing could be heard, the vibration of passing trucks shook the walls. Not noticeably, not obviously. That's why I know that beyond the fences lie a street and people."

"And your kidnapper?" Powers' tone polarized.

"He had a modus—a good one. By laying the conference for many days by keeping us a prisoner, making it necessary at last to go on without my signature would have ruined me, without raising him. A lot of money was involved. Millions, as you all know."

"There is of course only one such man. He was in that room with me and he hadn't been there more than two minutes before I knew who he was, knew because something about him smelled like immediately. His confidence had brought me there. It was he who opened the door after Bryant and I first awakened."

Schroeder thoughtfully knocked ashes from his cigarette. "You knew your kidnapper?"

Martin smiled grimly. "Let's say

EXIT BODY ODOURS

(AND BAD BREATH, TOO
—especially stalemate breath!)

Take

ENZODE

CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS

STAY FRESH ALL OVER! ALL DAY!

No matter how hot the day, how stuffy the room, what time of the month—be as fresh as though you had stepped right out of a shower. Enzode protects you all day, off shore. Be sure—take Enzode Chlorophyll Tablets.

2/7 PER PACKET
EXTRA ECONOMY SIZE, **7/10**

AT ALL CHEMISTS

ENZODE

CAVALCADE, September, 1954 45

"HI, NEIGHBOUR!"



Are YOU a good neighbour?
You CAN be a good neighbour now!
The Publishers of
HOUSE AND GARDEN present:

Australian
homemaker

For years Australian home owners, readers and owners in their friends and neighbors, the Publishers of HOUSE AND GARDEN present, the Publishers of HOUSE AND GARDEN give you a NEW magazine—designed for today's home planner, who wants

BEAUTY AND A BUDGET TOO!

Australian HOMEMAKER offers you tips, new methods of economy, building and planning and new ways of improving homes. **TRY IT—YOU'LL ENJOY THESE FEATURES IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE**

SMALL GARDEN LAYOUTS

Why not divide your garden into flower and vegetable plots and make more use work on your "yard." Your friends will remark on that well-kept arrangement!

A ROOM FOR 2000

With 2000 and a lot of imagination, a house girl designed for two rooms, a bathroom, study, sitting room, and bedroom, which you can copy!

Australian
homemaker 2/-

rather than I know the man who paid him to do his work—the second man in the room, the man with the mask. He was the real criminal. Deceived in a nonchalant sort, unflinched, absolutely disguised, beyond recognition, except for one thing, his watch."

Across the table neighbour hands passed a glass of water, dropped a pistol within the glass, unbroken. Martin's voice was on, inquisitive:

"The room was silent. But there were sounds. My brushing him. The tick of that watch sounded loudest of all. And I knew what it was when I'd heard it in the second time—a big, old fashioned dollar watch, the kind one of us men from country

"A watch worn in the vest pocket of a man who had been with me in that room once before. A man who was an hour and a half late for the conference, because I locked him in the conference room. He couldn't get out, with his blinding bad eyes, and crawled like a spider back to the clothes he wore when he'd snatched himself out beside me flinging accusations. He'd had a gun too, a 38."

Martin placed a hand ring from a vest pocket and threw it down on the table.

"This hand ring, the one that shattered the light bulb fell into my coat pocket after I had hit the ceiling. You all knew who put the watch. You all knew who put the gun. I was discredited, but only I knew who wore a 38 pistol on a person. It should be fairly easy to check the markings on the ring if he'll surrendered the gun. As for the watch, you can hear it ticking right now, even in this room, if you listen closely."

Bryant's hand fell limned. His eyes, bulging with the poison held drunk, glazed hideously in the glare of death. Then the body slipped sideways and dropped like a sack of wet flour. As it hit the floor a silvery object sprang from a vest pocket and shattered.

A dollar watch

MEN!

New PEP and VIGOUR for you

Feeling jaded? Can't sleep? Lost your ability to work and play? No interest in the opposite sex? Worried and troubled by fears of the future? You may be suffering from lack of the essential elements that control your vitality and manhood.

HP MAN replaces these elements, brings back your natural energy and virility, enables you to enjoy life's thrilling experiences again. Tens of thousands of men throughout Australia have proved the effectiveness of this genuine treatment that is safe, sure, and fast in its action.

PROVE IT YOURSELF FREE!

FREE SAMPLE

Just tear this out, send with your name and address, and a sample and full details will be returned to you in a plain envelope without obligation. FREE and POST FREE.

A. B. WARD & CO.

Dept. G.42, Box 2223, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY

The De Luxe Suit . . .

that is ideal for every wear—
everywhere

This attractive Double-breasted Suit is pre-tailored from our exclusive pure wool Crusader Cloth—the famous Worsted that is guaranteed never to fade or shrink.

Your exact fitting is ready for your choosing in either a rich Navy Blue or in that brighter Crusader Blue that many younger men prefer. No man's wardrobe is complete without a navy suit, and that is a suit you will be proud and happy to possess.

Available from your
nearest *Stamina* Store.



ASK FOR
Stamina

D-B Suits

TAILORED FROM CRUSADER CLOTH